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THE FOUR VOICES.

BY W. B. W.

By sober Brown Beard, whom men guess to have seen
Of winters and summers some thirty-and-seven,
Tripped lightly Gold Tresses of sweet seventeen,
The bonniest creature on this side of heaven.

"How pleasant the evening sighs that stir
The rustling leaves as the woods grow dim!"
Such aimless words spake his lips to her,
But his heart was muttering low to him:

"O, that the summer of life were spring!
O, to have found her long summers ago!
Is it yet too late? Would this bright young thing
Give the hope of her youth to—ah, no, no!"

"Yes, pleasant it is when the woods grow dim,
To hear the sound of the leaves that stir,"
Such trivial words said her lips to him,
But her heart was whispering low to her:

"Is there ever a man like the man that I see,
A man like the Bayard of ages ago?
He thinks me childish and foolish, ah me!
Could he really care for—ah, no, no, no!"

Quoth his lips, "Good-night; you are now at home."
Prayed his heart, "God love her, whose ever she be!"
Said her lips, "Good-night; you were kind to come."
Sighed her heart, "No; he never, could never love me!"

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—[CONTINUED.]

A SPASM passed over his strong features as he first ventured on a glance at the lovely, exquisitely painted face.

It was that of a girl for whom Claudia would in a few short years almost be taken, so exact was the resemblance, save in the maturity of expression, and the undefinable air of womanhood that can never belong to the most precocious early youth. Perhaps the portrait had a shade more of thought and intellect, and somewhat less voluptuousness and richness than the Italian-bred Claudia possessed; but the distinction was so slight that the difference of age might well account for it, even to a lover's eye; otherwise the resemblance was perfect.

With strangely contending feelings Sidney Ashley gazed on that face, and thought of its youthful and living prototype, and the design he had hitherto most unshrinkingly carried on.

The strange, indescribable resemblance would have seemed to most men a passport to his heart—a talisman that would rekindle the ashes of the past. But Sidney's was no common nature.

It had a refinement, an almost morbid sensibility of feeling that seemed inconsistent with the force and manliness of his character, and to his quick sensibilities the painful emptiness, the shallow deception that he was striving to put on himself, was more obvious, as the perfection of the resemblance commended itself yet more to his mind.

The indefinable attraction, the mysterious *rapport*, the magic fascination that had chained his every feeling and faculty when in the presence of Edith Vere, was lacking in her youthful image.

Claudia's form was there, her features, her mien, her very voice; but either the soul was wanting, or Sidney Ashley's heart was too dead to be brought again to animation, and life, and love even of such beauty such associations as those that tested the vitality.

And was it so? Was love over with him, the best, the dearest happiness that the Creator could bestow denied to Fortune's spoiled favorite; and he, the rich, the high-born, the gifted with intellect, and strength and manly beauty, still in the prime and full vigor of manhood's physical and mental powers, to look forward only to a dead joyless passage through his remaining years?

It was a dreary prospect, as well as a painful retrospect; but Sidney's pangs and doubts and perplexities were not yet exhausted.

Granted that he preferred the doubtful semblance of love, and happiness, and woman's smiles and sympathies, to the lonely existence that otherwise awaited him, would no worse evil befall him than the void which nothing could solely fill? Would Claudia repay the gifts lavished on her, the rescue from dependence, and perhaps even menial labor the years of comfort and refined training, the station, the luxury, the name, the happiness that he would strive to bestow—would she repay all this with sympathy, the affection, the obedience of a grateful and loving wife? Further, would she be true to him, true to herself, true to his honored and ancient name?

These were harassing doubts, terrible questions for the high souled, proud, sensitive man; and the fearful irresistable conviction that an irrevocable mistake had been committed, and that he had pledged himself tacitly to a course that would only ensure the danger and misery of both persons concerned, forced itself on him like a dark, gloomy shadow, without form or substance which could be grappled with or destroyed.

He could not resolve to give up the last chance, the last slender hope of happiness and love; and yet how bitterly might he rue the hour which linked his fate to the beautiful Claudia!—"passionate! one that would love intensely, if at all." Such had been Philip Joddrell's dictum of the fair creature he had seen.

A dangerous character for such a fate!—one that might indeed be moulded to the glorious perfection; but should that heart be touched by another while yet pledged to him, or united to him, what dangers—what fearful dangers—for both!

Sidney closed the portrait, and replaced the letters, with a desperate resolution, as if to clear his mind of these bewildering adjuncts.

And then he set himself to think once more, long, deeply, anxiously to revolve over every possible contingency that might arise.

"It shall depend on herself," he said. "I will place the alternatives before her, and leave her free for consideration—for testing her own heart; and then I will throw off these cowardly, unmanly fears and forebodings, and strive to look at the future, without the blinding medium of the past. Claudia herself shall be the oracle that shall decide her own fate and mine."

Sidney Ashley then sought his room, and with the wonderful mastery of a strong mind, he drove away his feverish, agitating thoughts, and then calmed himself to sleep.

* * * * * *

"Claudia, my love, you are sadly dreamy and idle this morning!" said Mrs. Ellis, looking up at her pupil with a mild, reproving look.

"When is that drawing to be finished? Signor Vitelli will expect it complete when he arrives this afternoon."

The girl turned her splendid eyes laguidly on the lady with a careless, absent air, that scarcely seemed to comprehend the meaning of her words.

"Are you ill, my love?" inquired the governess, with a slight impatience in her tone.

"I have spoken to you three times without a reply.

"I cannot understand you at all, unless you have a headache, or that you walked too far yesterday."

The last words seemed the only ones that attracted the girl's attention.

She rose from her dreamy attitude near the window, and sat down on a low ottoman close to her guardian.

"Perhaps you are right, Mrs. Ellis," she said.

"It was that walk that affects me this morning; it has certainly been the most galling mortification that I have yet known in my bitter life!"

"Claudia, are you dreaming — raving? Your life bitter?—freed as it has been of every sorrow, or difficulty, or hardship that could be averted from you. I am shocked at such ingratitude—such——"

"I know, I know!" broke in the girl, impatiently; "but it is useless to preach. I am no quiet, meek, tame English girl to be schooled and trained to rule and measure. I have Italian blood in my veins; and I can feel and resent, and understand the mortifying slights and humiliating life that have been my portion for the last six years. Why am I secluded here, like a creature on whom some shame and disgrace rests? Why does my sole visitor, Mrs. Cowan, take such pains to impress on me my good fortune, and the necessity of being prepared for changes, and for the exertions and self-denials that I must necessarily expect to practice? And Mr. Ashley! Why, he looks and speaks, and orders my arrangements as coolly as if I were an automaton, and he the proprietor, who neglected or amused himself with it at his pleasure."

"Claudia!" said her guardian.

"It is true," said Claudia; "you know it, and feel it to be true; and even but yesterday, what happened? Why, he scorned to recognise me, because he had some friend of his own rank and station with him, who might have laughed contemptuously at the obscure orphan, the unknown dependant on the bounty of others.

"Oh, it is galling, it is maddening for one who has noble blood in her veins. And you say I have no bitters, no sorrows in my life!"

"My dear child, have patience," said Mrs. Ellis, "and think of the kindness, the care, the money lavished on you.

"You cannot forget that; you should not be so unjust to your benefactors, your true friends.

"What motive can they have for their adoption of you as their charge and ward, but affection and kindness?"

"That is what I ask you, Mrs. Ellis," said the girl, passionately.

"I have a right to know the reasons for this caprice of those you call my friends. I am not their property, their kindred, to be disposed of at their pleasure, whistled on and sent off like a dog at the humor of the moment.

"If you know for what all this is intended I have a right to share that knowledge; if not, I must demand it of those who can, and who shall answer me."

"As you please, Miss Sabine," replied Mrs. Ellis, for once roused to some resentment by the girl's haughty manner. "I have no information to give and, allow me to say, that I should be unworthy of the trust reposed in me if I betrayed the confidence of my patrons."

"Then you refuse to satisfy my demand?" exclaimed Claudia, impetuously.

"It would be only justice to punish you by a more negative," replied Mrs. Ellis; "but I will for once yield to your impetuosity, and tell you candidly that I will not, and also that I cannot; for I know little if anything more than yourself of your history or destiny. All I have any reason to suppose is what I have always been told and acted upon: that you as a child attracted the notice and interest of Mrs. Cowan and her nephew, and that they considered the best service they could render you was an education which would fit you for rising to the station to which you were born, either as a governess, or——"

The girl's haughty lip quivered with scorn and anger as her governess spoke, and hot tears fell from her dark eyes—tears of disappointment and passionate indignation.

"Then I hate them!" she cried, interrupting the calm, measured tone of her guardian; "I hate them for the injury they have done me.

"They have made me miserable with their pretended kindness.

"Better be among the poor, uneducated, lonely orphans at the Refuge where they found me, than be trained to a life of bitter mortification among my equals, nay, my inferiors. Mrs. Ellis, it was a cruel wrong, and I will not tamely submit to it."

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Ellis, in a tone of suppressed horror. "Hush, Claudia, for for mercy's sake. Look!"

The girl started up, and saw Sidney Ashley standing in the open doorway, with his usual calm, unreadable face, that defied the keenest discernment to decipher.

How long he he had been there, or what he had heard, neither of the speakers could tell, for the door had been apparently left ajar, and the occupants of the room had sat with their backs towards it, while the excitement of one and the embarrassment of the other had prevented the sound of the hall bell, or the approach of the visitor, being noticed by either.

Sidney's lips wore a cold smile as he advanced into the room, and there was a bitterness in the tone with which he greeted the elder lady, that brought the color to her pale cheek; but the next moment he seemed to feel his injustice, and turned again to her, with one of the bright, sweet smiles which lighted up his face at rare intervals.

"Your pupil does involuntary homage to your gentleness of rule, dear lady," he said, quietly, "and also to your fidelity of purpose. It is doubtless a perplexing office that you have held so many years, but I ere long hope to relieve its worst cares. Claudia, you wished now for some satisfaction from your kind guardian. Perhaps your feeling is natural, but displayed to the wrong person, and in the wrong place. I will meet your charge of injury and injustice, if you can prove them to your own satisfaction."

Claudia's was a haughty spirit, but it would have needed a more dauntless heart than could be found in the breast of a girl of sixteen to meet unmoved that commanding look and tone, so calm and quiet, and yet so full of conscious power and dignity. Her flashing eyes were lowered under the long lashes, and a rich, splendid bloom mantled over her round young cheek, as she met her guardian's look, and her reply was in a subdued, sweet tone.

"I am restless, unhappy," she said; "can you not feel for me?"

It was not in man's nature to see, with an unmoved heart, that splendid beauty thus tacitly acknowledging his power, and gaining irresistible charms from the touch of feminine softness that submission gave.

It was perhaps the turning-point in the career of both.

"Will you do me the kindness to let me speak with this capricious charge of ours alone?," said Sidney, turning to Mrs. Ellis with a deferential courtesy that her very position won from his noble nature.

"I am sorry to appear so churlish, but I have some hope of making her rather more amenable to your gentle guidance than she has proved herself to-day."

Mrs. Ellis gladly obeyed the permission to leave the room where her position was, as she felt, a dubious and difficult one; and the two strangely-connected ones were left alone.

For a few moments there was silence. Claudia's heart beat with a tumultuous violence that could have been audible to her companion, but he had walked to the window, as if to give time for her, and perhaps

for himself, to collect their thoughts, and compose their disturbed and startled feelings, for the coming crisis of the fate of both.

Yes, Sidney, the calm, self-concentred, unmoved Sidney Ashley, actually felt his frame thrill and tremble with the conviction that the next few minutes, the next few sentences spoken between him and that young, impetuous girl, might work the weal or woe of a life; and even his strong nature shrunk from the plunge into the unknown future which that girl's fiat might induce him to make.

But a glance at the varying color, the suppressed but irregular breathing, the quick, stolen glances of the agitated young creature who waited his pleasure to terminate her suspense, decided his wavering, half-reluctant hesitation.

He came toward her, and drew her quietly to the couch which stood in the most shaded corner of the room, and sat down beside her.

"Claudia," he said, in a low tone, that made the girl raise her eyes in surprise at its subdued accents, "you are very young, but you are of a race that mature far earlier than those born in a northern clime, and you can even now understand and decide from your own heart's dictates on your future life."

The hand had trembled in his; it was a mute appeal to his tenderness that made his task more easy.

"I heard but little of your conversation when I entered," he continued; nor would I have waited to hear one word had I not wished to learn something of your feelings and ideas ere I laid before you the concealed purpose and aim of my conduct towards you.

"My child—Claudia—can you guess why I chose you in your beautiful childhood, and placed you again in the station to which you were born; why I have watched your development; why I am here to-day, to learn the true feelings of your sorrowful heart?"

The impetuous blood told the comprehension which the girl's lips denied, and Sidney smiled at the innocent falsehood.

"It is soon told, Claudia," said he; "but your decision must not be so quickly formed, your choice not so rashly made. You spoke of injury, of humiliation, of solitude among equals.

"Child, that has been my lot for years, and it is to you that I have looked for sympathy, for consolation, for companionship. I loved one, whom you resemble so strongly, that, as I gaze at you, she seems to be renewed in her youth and beauty. She was false; and from that day I have lived a lonely, heart-stricken man.

"Can you be true, Claudia, if you decide on filling the place she left vacant? Can you be happy, can you love me, as my wife?"

It was spoken now, and Sidney Ashley's breast heaved under the deep-drawn breath that followed the momentous words. His fate was now out of his own keeping, and in the power of another—of one, young, capricious, ardent, and untried.

Was it a wonder if he felt as if strength and free will and self-mastery had gone out of him with that short, momentous question—"Will you be my wife?"

When the words were spoken, Claudia started with a quick, sharp exclamation of surprise, that brought a resentful flush to Sidney's face.

It seemed as if the very idea was painfully, revoltingly novel to the girl on whom he had bestowed his bounty and kindness for so many years, and to whom he had just offered the proudest gift that woman could receive—a gift that would have brought a throb of delight to the hearts of hundreds, noble and fair and young, who had coveted in vain the rich prize.

"Is that your answer, Claudia?" he said, hastily.

"If that is the instinctive, first reply of your heart, it is enough. I would not have you school it into deception and discipline."

"Oh, no, no," she murmured, "I am surprised, flattered, that is all; don't, please don't be angry."

It was a humility very unlike the haughty girl, and it touched and disarmed his irritated pride.

"I am not angry, Claudia," he replied; "but I know well that the first involuntary emotion in a heart as young and fresh as yours, is the true instinct.

"There is much to change and influence you, when you have time to reflect; but I warn you solemnly, that misery—worse than misery may be the consequence if you strive to conquer any repugnance to the position I offer you.

"Claudia, I am no schoolboy lover; nay, more, I am as yet a lover rather of the image you recall than of yourself; but it rests with you to rivet and chain the heart which turns to you for consolation, for happiness. But, if you deceive me—nay, if you deceive yourself—I am no weak tool to be a woman's convenient stepping-stone to fortune, rank, and prestige, and then trampled under foot.

"I will be your true lover, your faithful, indulgent husband; but never your slave, nor aught but the master of the destinies, the future life, of my wife and my own. You have a mind beyond your years, Claudia, think ere you venture on your fate. What did that sudden cry mean just now?"

The girl's eyes had been cast thoughtfully on the ground.

There was no girlish trembling of the frame now—no fluttering, tell-tale blushes on the warm cheek—but a speaking sensitive paleness that told, of a deep and hardly-repressed tumult within.

The very power and self-possession she showed was a study to Ashley, which bore more than one signification to be decided hereafter.

"It meant surprise, Mr. Ashley," she said quickly. "I was totally unprepared for this and it was no proof of my feelings or wishes. Will that satisfy you?"

The tone was calm and proud, almost superior in its quiet dignity, and Sidney gazed at the girlish speaker with a questioning astonishment that might perhaps have expressed more admiration than pleasure at the self-possession and maturity it betokened.

"I am satisfied that you are fully able to judge and decide what you desire most," he said, half bitterly; "and I only repeat my warning, not to venture rashly on duties that must be mutually fulfilled between us. This I grant is strange language for a lover, Claudia; but our circumstances are as peculiar as the language, and I am showing you the truest affection in placing the matter plainly before you.

"I do not ask whether you love me now; I only ask first, whether you think you can learn to love me—whether you could be happy with a man so much your senior—whether the slight knowledge you have of my character and my position is enough to tell you what your decision ought to result in, on future and more intimate knowledge of each other, a new character."

The girl looked full and unflinchingly at him, though the earnest glance had no tinge of hard or bold insensibility in its expression.

"I do not love you," she said; "how can I when till now I looked on you as my benefactor, my patron, and when every feeling of my nature was stirred up in resentful pride at the sense of charity and dependence on the bounty of a stranger? You judged unwisely; you did not know my character, if you thought that I could be won by benefits that humbled and galled me."

"Then you decline my kind offer? You are right—candid if bold," he said, very bitterly.

"I did not say so; you are unjust," she replied; and again her eyes were lowered gently.

"Go on," said Sidney; "I see that you can and will speak, and that intelligibly; I will listen patiently, however hard the blows you deal."

"Then hear me, Mr. Ashley," she said, calmly: "I am but a girl in years, but I am far older than those who have pure English blood and gentle, tender nurture to prolong their childish dependence, and I have learnt to think and feel; and I can read the thoughts and feelings of others when they mean kindly, or think they do. I can see your meaning, better perhaps than you understand it yourself.

"You think I am receiving an unusual—a wonderful condescension, in this offer, for which I am bound to give you in return my heart's love, my submission, my complete forgetfulness of my rights as a woman. But has it never occured to you, in your knowledge of the world, that nothing but love can merit or win? You do not love me; and yet you ask me to be your wife, and a loving, true, submissive wife, on pain of your bitter resentment! This is strange wooing—even of a dependent orphan."

Sidney Ashley flushed crimson. There was seeming truth, nay, positive truth, though harsher than the real feelings of his heart.

"You are wrong Claudia, unjust," he said. "I am candid with you. I neither hide nor palliate the unattractive features of the lot I offer, and therefore you charge me with selfishness and tyranny, and cruel disregard of your feelings.

"It is a hard measure where I have dealt sincerely and faithfully, and entreated you to do the same.

"But it is woman-like, and I was a fool to expect reason and unselfishness and devotion from your sex."

Claudia's eyes looked at him for a moment.

It was a wondrous look, with a soft, fascinating, yet brilliant archness, that at once allured and gave piquancy to the liquid tenderness that enthralled the senses. It was a look that recalled the lost love of Sidney's youth, and gave the resemblance in expression which had as yet been merely that of feature.

For the first time he felt that she might win absolute power over him for good or evil, and there was a delicious excitement in the very dread that the consciousness brought with it.

"It is you, Mr. Ashley," she said, "that are unjust now. You are angry with me for being true and sincere; ought it not rather to give you confidence in me, that I will not be dazzled by position, but rather won by love, when I am won at all? You would have made it a bargain between a benefactor and a foundling. I choose that it shall be, if at all, a mutual exchange of affection and confidence."

Sidney Ashley smiled; for there was something half ludicrous in the turn which this half child, half girl, the dependent on his bounty, the supposed grateful and enchanted recipient of a splendid and unlooked-for offer, had given to the affair. She had, with a quiet assumption of superiority, a quick insight into the motives that influenced him, taken the tone of not only an equal, but of one who needed to be wooed in order to be won.

"There may be two sides to this question, Claudia," he said; "and when you have told me what your wishes are in this matter, I will enlighten you as fully as you could desire, as to my own exact feelings and intentions towards you.

"You have not yet replied to my question whether you could love me, if not with the passion that a younger man might inspire, at least well enough to make us both happy."

She looked on the noble form, the fine face of the man who thus laid his fortune, his name, his station at the disposal of a friendless, almost nameless and dependant orphan and her pride flowed with a well-concealed satisfaction at the victory she had gained, the position that was thus humbly awaiting her acceptance; but it ill suited her character or her views of her own claims to yield so easily, even to such powerful temptations as were thus held out to her.

Her quick Italian intellect, and proud consciousness of her own attractions, gave her a strangely premature and acute insight into the noble character and yet the weaknesses of the man with whom she had to deal, and helped her to play her part with a perfection almost incredible in one so young.

"I cannot tell," she said, softly, "what time may do, and whether I may ever think that you love me as well as pity me."

Her eyes were again raised for an instant to those that were bent on her, not with the least tinge of apparent levity or coquetry, but with half-questioning, half-deprecating timidity of expression that went to the heart.

"If it depends on that," began Sidney—but the small hand released was placed suddenly and warmingly on his.

"No, no," she said, "do not perjure yourself, nor destroy my faith in you. Love does not spring up so suddenly, and you have confessed that you did not feel it for me."

"Claudia, Claudia, you will drive me mad!" he said hastily. "Because I have hitherto looked on you as a child, and only the beautiful reflection, the image of one whom I would if I could have, afterwards, banished for ever from my heart, and whom I thought only of replacing in outward seeming, you despise and disbelieve the possibility of rekindling in a moment the slumbering fire of years! I believed you a child; I find in you the pride, the delicacy, the intellect of a woman, with the beauty of her whom I worshipped. Can you wonder that I say with truth, if it depends on my capability of loving you, there will be little doubt of my winning your heart?"

Claudia's face was averted, and Sidney saw not the well-pleased smile that played over her beautiful lips; but her hand remained locked in his, and she did not attempt to withdraw it.

"Tell me of her whom you say I resemble," said Claudia. "Did you lose her by death?"

"By worse than death," he replied. "It is no tale for your young, pure ears, Claudia; but I may tell you thus much: The woman whom I so worshipped, preferred the glitter of a coronet, the tinsel of foreign fascinations, of empty rank, to a devoted heart, a luxurious English home, an ancient English name.

"She left her home and country, and in a foreign land, in a tongue and faith new and strange to her, she plighted her broken troth to one who deserved it not. What mattered it to Edith? She was unworthy, false; and I have long ceased to do aught but despise her."

"And yet you would seek her prototype in me?" said Claudia. "You fancy you love me because I am like her; and yet you despise her! Mr. Ashley, you must either deceive yourself or me."

"I love her not, Claudia," he replied. "I despise the false, heartless woman, who could wreck a true man's life by her deception; but I love—I worship still the image I set up in my heart, and I cannot make another standard of perfection.

"It is the Edith of my dreams that I mourn, that I have now ceased to love, and desired to realize in you; not the Edith who hardened and crushed my heart by her perfidy."

"And it is an illusion—if I disappoint you—what then?" said Claudia, earnestly.

"If you are true, if you have a heart, you will not, cannot," he replied, passionately, for the spell of her exceeding beauty was upon him, and he could not relinquish the longing to hear from her lips the promise to be his.

"Not yet," she said; "not yet. I must not let you run so terrible a risk. You have suffered too much for me to consent to endanger your happiness, even by the most unlikely chance of change in yourself, or of——"

"Of what?" he said, eagerly.

"Of my not realizing all your high and lofty ideas," she replied. "I am so young, so inexperienced; and you are proud and exacting, even in your love. I could not bear to see one shade of repentance on your face—to read it in your changed manner. No; when you have really learned me as I am, when you love me as a woman should be loved—then, and not till then, will I tell you whether I can feel as you wish."

Sidney could have taken that beautiful creature to his heart—could have sworn to her that the love, the worship which had once been Edith Vere's, would be transferred to her, if she would but rivet his heart by the firm promise of her precious love.

But an innate consciousness that he was in truth speaking and acting under a fascination, a spell that left little escape for his cooler judgment to exert its usual sway, came to his aid, and he remained for a few moments silent and thoughtful.

"But you forget to tell me the test that is to satisfy you of my truth and love, Claudia," he said, more gravely. "I cannot compromise you by too frequent visits. How am I to prove to you that we are indeed fitted for each other, and that you can trust yourself to me?"

Claudia's face brightened with a girlish archness that completely changed the character of her beauty, and gave a new charm to her usually thoughtful pensive face.

"I am still a child," she said, "so Mrs. Ellis tells me; and you are far too grand a person to be suspected of any but benevolent regard for an obscure orphan child. I think you may venture to enliven our solitude as often as you feel inclined, and I will be very grateful for——"

"For what, Claudia?" he then interrupted.

"For a little more variety than Mrs. Ellis, with her grammars and histories, can manage to make for me," she replied. "I want some breath of the outer world to freshen this quiet, safe, calm harbor you have provided for the stray waif on life's shores: and you are the very perfection of the living, acting world, as I comprehend or image it. Yes, you will come, will you not, often, very often?"

The girl was an enigma—a lovely, delightful, perplexing enigma, one moment speaking with the most passionate womanlike earnestness and fervor, and the next, talking of himself and of the fancies and girlish weariness of her school-life, with the simple, unconscious frankness of a loving child.

There was a charm in the variety, the perplexing changes of her mood, which gave a power to her while present, whatever the remembrance of it in absence might convey to the mind.

"You are flattering, it must be confessed, in the reasons you assign for wishing my society," said Sidney.

"Suppose I punish your impertinence by leaving you entirely to the tender mercies of Mrs. Ellis and your Italian grammar?" he added smilingly.

"You forget that I am half an Italian," she said, "and that it needed little teaching to bring back my mother's tongue. I have little need of grammars, and little congeniality with my excellent duenna. But I could not stoop to flatter, even for emancipation from their weariness."

"Then it would be flattery to say you would prefer my society to any more formidable rivals than Mrs. Ellis and Signor Vitelli?" said Sidney.

"Perhaps," she replied. "How am I to judge of what I have not known?"

"Claudia," said Ashley, rising abruptly from her side, and pacing the room, "we are talking idle nonsense now, and from opposite points of view, which can never meet.

"Still, there is justice in what you say, though perhaps little as befits soft and winning feeling for one so young, so lovely as you must know yourself to be. I will leave you now, and consider more coolly the best course for us both. I confess you have worked a revulsion of feeling in my mind that needs calm deliberation and sober reason. I will see you again to-morrow, or in any case in a day or two."

The tone was colder and more measured than he had yet used, and Claudia felt she had gone to the very verge of safety.

She sprang up from the couch as he was leaving the apartment, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Do not leave me in anger," she said. "Remember, I am so untutored, so alone with my own thoughts, that I may well express them too bluntly; and I am too proud, too jealous perhaps, to court your notice, or receive any but real, spontaneous—regard."

The pause before the last word might well imply a different and a warmer one had trembled on her lips.

Sidney's momentary mortification was softened, but he would not trust himself further till he had more coolly and dispassionately considered the bewildering changes in his beautiful ward; and he pressed the appealing hand with a more friendly clasp of farewell.

"You mistake me Claudia," he replied. "I am not angry; nay, I may perhaps suspect that you are right; but that very conviction may modify my conduct very differently, and I will not trifle with your happiness even to secure my own. Farewell," he added, and the next moment she was alone.

A doubtful, annoyed look came over Claudia's lovely face as the door closed behind Sidney Ashley.

Had she gone too far? Had she alienated the love she intended to fix and inflame, and missed the splendid prospect opened before her? She knew not; but the very suspicion was galling to her proud spirit, and she impatiently paced the room with indignant vexation at herself and him. A pier-glass accidentally reflected her face and form as she thus vented her irritation, and she stood for a few moments before it.

Claudia, Claudia, had that noble heart many superiors? That is the real question for you to decide.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POULTRY IS THE ONLY WEAR.—The golden pigs that every one wore in Paris as charms or ornaments have gone out of fashion entirely, giving place to the Gallic cock, dear to the House of Orleans. Chanticleers have replaced the sprigs and dots on dress stuffs, cocks of jewels and brilliants are all the rage for ear-rings and brooches, and gold pins, bouquet-holders, belt-clasps, etc., all take the shape of the barn-yard bird. Cocks' heads are the proper things for the stoppers of toilet-bottles or the handles of parasols. Cocks and hens are painted on all the fans and bonbon-caskets, and the birds rears his scarlet crest on every handkerchief, portfolio and perfume sachet. Poultry is, in fact, the only Parisian wear.

The Lovers' Quarrel.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

NEVER, while I live," said Miss Rashleigh, "never, while I live, will I see your face again!"

She meant it when she said it; and as she spoke, she threw her betrothal ring towards her lover, who had offended her, as she felt, beyond hope of pardon.

It missed him, and rolled down upon the floor, and over the sill of an open china-closet, one of those old-fashioned closets that used to stand on either side of the mantelpiece.

She did not notice where it rolled; he did though, and after she had left the room he turned to pick it up.

The ring she had worn would always be precious to him.

Miss Rashleigh went straight to her own room, as miserable a girl as ever lived; and a moment later Grandmother Rashleigh bustled into the drawing-room, pushed the open closet door to, picked up the poetry straight on the table, pulled down the shades arranged the chairs mathematically against the wall, and bustled out again.

"I've had these things fifty years," she said to herself; "and there's Cornelia and her beau with no more respect for them than if they were that much lumber."

Then she closed the door behind her, and went away to her own room upstairs, where a fine silk patchwork quilt was in the frame a surprise for said Cornelia.

Grandma Rashleigh gave every young person of the family something of her own manufacture on his or her wedding-day.

Letty had had an afghan; John a pair of sofa pillows; Amelia a set of toilet-boxes and a pin-cushion.

"Now," the old lady had said a dozen times to Tripheny King, who was helping her, "now, I rather think Cornelia will have the best thing I've done; and there's a bit in it of every handsome silk there's ever been in the family, and of her father's and grandfather's wedding vest."

"Yes'm; it's a real memorial quilt," said Tripheny. "It takes you, mum, to plan such things."

The quilt was finished and bound that afternoon, and Tripheny's job of quilting being over, she went home; but she carried about the village the news that she "was sure all was over between Miss Rashleigh and Mr. Spear.

"She'd heard Cornelia saying something to her grandma, and the old lady was furious."

"He would never have done that if he had cared for me, you know, grandma," Cornelia was saying at that moment.

"Stuff and nonsense! He loves the ground you walk on!" said the old lady. "You'll never get such another, Cornelia!"

"I shall never marry at all; I hate men!" Cornelia answered.

And then her grandmother made the house too hot to hold her, and she went over to her mother's, her usual course when she fell out with grandma.

Three days passed.

At the end of the third, Piety Pratt stepped in at Mrs. Rashleigh's, young Mrs. Rashleigh, as they called her, though she was nearly fifty, for grandma was old Mrs. Rashleigh.

"I expect you'll feel upset when I tell you the news, Cornelia," said she.

"You've been too cruel this time—he, he, he!

"Orville Spear ha'n't been heard of since he was at your house.

"His mother says he went over to explain and make up, and he never came back—he, he!

"She thought maybe he'd stepped over to his brother's, but he hadn't—he, he! I reckon he's drownded himself!"

"I don't know why the whole town should talk over my affairs, and every meddling old maid giggle about them!" cried Cornelia.

Piety jumped to her feet, seized her parasol, and turned towards the door.

"Good afternoon, Miss Cornelia and Mrs. Rashleigh!" she said, with a contemptuous curtsey.

"I'll remember my manners, if other folks forget theirs.

"Only there's other folks as likely to be old maids as me, and I fancy it's Mrs. Spear's affair now if anything has happened to her boy!"

Away flounced Miss Pratt.

"You've put Piety into a rage, Cornelia," said Mrs. Rashleigh. "That's a pity; she has a long tongue."

But Cornelia was crying.

"Oh, mother, dear," she sobbed, "it isn't true, is it? Orville did feel dreadfully. Won't you see, mother?"

But at this moment Sally, the little servant girl from Grandma Rashleigh's, came flying into the room, without any more warning than if she had been shot from a gun.

"The old missus says you are to come over at once, both you ladies!" she cried, standing before Mrs. Rashleigh, and repeating her lesson like a parrot. "There's something of importance, and you're needed at once."

"Get your bonnet, Cornelia," said her mother. "I'll just put on this sun-hat. What is it, Sally, do you know?"

"I know it's something dreadful. Missus is almost wild, and there's lots of folks there. Something about Mr. Spear."

The two ladies said no more.

They hurried away together, and entering grandma's parlor, found there assembled more of the members of the Spear family, and a friend or two besides.

Orville had indeed disappeared.

He had never been home since his visit to Cornelia; and now the alarmed relatives were anxious to get all the information they could regarding the interview between Orville and Cornelia.

"I had reason to be angry, Mrs. Spear," said Cornelia, proudly—"good reason; and I took off my ring, and gave it back, and went out of the room.

"That is all I know. I don't know when he went or where.

"I—I thought he wouldn't mind so much. I believed he had stopped caring about me."

"He ought to now, at all events," said grandma.

"My boy is dead, I'm sure. I shall have the pond dragged," said Mrs. Spear, amidst her tears. "He left all his money at home. He wouldn't have gone travelling without a change of clothes. Oh, you wicked girl!"

"I could kill you, you hateful thing!" cried the youngest Miss Spear.

Cornelia had kept up bravely until now; but when her two friends turned upon her thus, she gave a little scream, and fell over on the sofa.

She was in a dead swoon, and the water they sprinkled in her face did not bring her to.

Grandma grew frightened.

"I hope it isn't an attack of heart disease," she said. "Poor child! she looks as if she were dead."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried the mother.

They gathered around Cornelia, and did all they could for her, and soon she recovered, and sat up; but all her pride was gone.

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear!" she sobbed. "I wish I had died! I wish I had never come to! Oh, Orville, Orville! what has become of you?"

"Oh, oh!" moaned the mother.

"Oh, oh!" moaned the sisters.

And Cornelia's head fell back again.

"Emma, get the lavender out of the china-closet," said grandma to her daughter. "Quick! It's on the corner shelf!"

Mrs. Rashleigh rushed to the closet.

"It won't open!" she cried, wildly.

"It's a patent lock," said grandma; "locks as it shuts. Here's the key."

And Mrs. Rashleigh flew back to the door, opened it, and uttered a shriek.

There on the floor, huddled up under the shelf, lay poor Orville Spear.

He was white and limp.

Cornelia sat and stared at him in the most awful way.

She thought him dead, but the more experienced matron saw that he was yet living.

Sally was sent for the doctor, and there, in Mrs. Rashleigh's drawing-room, he found Cornelia and Orville lying quite unconscious, like Romeo and Juliet in the scene at the tomb, and the rest of the party in a state of bewilderment and terror past description.

At last, however, both were conscious, and, seated in arm-chairs, regarded each other, while the observers kept silence, and Mr. Orville Spear uttered the first words.

"Of all confounded fools——"

"Who, dear?" asked his mother.

"Me," said Orville, regardless of grammer. "Who shut me in?"

"What were you in the closet for?" asked grandma, with a guilty conscience.

"To pick something up that rolled there," said Orville.

"The ring?" asked Cornelia, frantically.

"Yes, the ring," said Mr. Spear. "More fool I! Someone banged the door to. I shouted, and howled, and kicked, and no one heard me."

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!" shrieked Cornelia. "I believe you hid there just to kill me, for no other purpose than out of revenge."

"You banged the door on me," said Mr. Spear. "A jealous woman will do anything."

"I banged the door, Orville!" said old Mrs. Rashleigh. "I! You'd left everything flying. I just pushed it as I passed, and you ought to bless your stars that you are alive, for people don't go into the drawing-room sometimes for a fortnight in this small family.

"We use the parlor much more; and I'm deaf, and so is old Hopsiba, and you might have died there. Yes; and you'd have killed him, Cornelia," added the old lady, "throwing his pretty diamond ring on the floor!"

"Oh!" moaned Cornelia. "Oh!"

"It wasn't her fault. I was a confounded fool all through!" cried Orville. "I know that closet had a sprink-lock. No; don't blame Cornelia."

"I shall always blame myself!" sighed Cornelia. "Oh, how pale you are!"

"And how pale you are, Cornelia!" sighed Orville. "Did you really care when you thought I was dead?"

"Ladies," said Grandma Rashleigh, "now that Orville has had his wine and biscuit, and is getting on, let us go into the other room, and leave these two young folks to talk things over together."

She led the way; the others followed. When the tea-bell rang soon after, Orville and Cornelia came out of the drawing-room arm in arm, and the wedding-day was fixed.

"It's a great deal more than she deserved, however," said Orville's mother, as she walked home afterwards with her two girls.

"If you and I were to behave that way we wouldn't come off so well, would we?" asked Maria Spear of her sister.

"No, indeed, Maria," replied Lilly. "No, indeed."

A YOUTH who is learning to play the cornet cannot understand why people who shoot at cats will be so careless. Half a dozen stray bullets have already come through his window.

STARS, CROSSES AND RIBANDS.

IT is a noticeable feature in the social and political life of the present generation that the love of stars and crosses is decidedly on the increase.

Till the time of James II., the Kings of England had not a single decoration to bestow, and the number of Knights of the Garter was even more restricted then than now. The means at the King's disposal for rewarding merit consisted chiefly of ordinary knighthood, of hereditary titles, and of pensions. Knights of the Bath, indeed, Charles II. created at his coronation—they were the last who took the official bath—but these had no badge to mark them from other knights. The King's natural sons formed a strong minority of the blue ribands. James II. revived the Order of the Thistle, the original number of knights being eight, which Anne increased to twelve. Walpole revived the Order of the Bath, which was to consist of thirty-five knights, to be distinguished by a star and red riband. Shortly after Swift told the world how the King of Lilliput decorated with blue, red and green threads those of his courtiers who jumped highest. But the real difficulty at first was to get one to take the red riband. The Minister took it himself to set the example, and offered it to the old Duchess of Marlborough for her grandson. "No," said Sarah, "he must have the Garter." Walpole replied that the best way to get the higher decoration was to accept the lesser. Till the year 1815 no further additions were made to the orders of British chivalry, though George III. created an Irish order, and wanted to institute another, to be styled "of Minerva," for men of letters and artists; but the rumor of his intention revealed so terrible an imbroglio of jealousies and factions among the persons whom it was designed to benefit, that the monarch, for very peace, was fain to give up the idea.

A favorite method of recompense under the Georgian period, down to the time of the Union, was to confer an Irish peerage. Clive was thus honored, and encouraged to hope for an English title as a further promotion. Similarly, till the union with Scotland, Scotch titles had been stepping-stones to more serious English honors. Marlborough's earliest reward had been a Scotch barony, conferred on him when he had no higher military rank than that of colonel.

To George, Prince Regent, and to Lord Liverpool, the world owes the present system which causes a man's greatness to be known by the number of letters of the alphabet he can place before his name. The Bath was divided into classes, and the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order rounded at the same time with an equal number of classes. The same Prince, with the same Premier to guide him, called yet another Order into existence in 1818, and named it after St. Michael and St. George. It, too, consisted of three classes.

Touching the Hanoverian decoration there is a good story told of William IV., which has the merit of being authentic. On succeeding to the throne, the Sailor King was much gratified to find how many old naval officers who had served with him or under him remembered his Majesty and trusted his Majesty had not forgotten them. Some of them were a little impracticable in their requests, and a few were rather importunate. One the King frankly avowed at a dinner-party had pestered him. "However," William continued, "I got rid of him at last; I made him a knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order." "And serve him right, too!" exclaimed one of the guests. Even the presence of the sovereign could not prevent an explosion of laughter.

The multiplication of Orders under the present system has proceeded apace; nor can it be denied that their increase has been effected with the general approval. The Victoria Cross and the Star of India supplied what soldiers and Indian civilians alike considered necessities. The need for the decorations of the Indian Empire and the Crown of India was less apparent; but Lord Beaconsfield's would not have been complete without his founding an order of chivalry. When the Ladies' Order was founded, it was officially stated that no initials were to be placed after the names of the companions, but the rule is constantly trangressed in books of reference. "C. I.," however, takes up little space, but what shall one say to "K. P., G. C. M. G., K. C. B.," which is Lord Dufferin's due?

SOUTH AMERICAN ALLIGATORS.—Stuart, in his Travels in Bogota, ran some occasional risks, as the ensuing extract from his Journal would lead us to infer: "Counted thirty-nine alligators, all of which were lying close together in one extended line. Some of them were very large. It is really horrible to witness them devouring that large fish called the bagre, for which they lie in wait in the current and eddies of the river. They bring their huge jaws together upon their prey with a great noise and splashing, and then raise their heads out of the water in order to devour them, which occupies more time than would be expected in such a monster. Should they happen to seize upon a fish crosswise, they have great trouble in placing it in a straight position that they may swallow it, the blood running all the time over the hideous jaws. They sleep a great deal in the sun, with their mouth wide extended. Our boat would frequently get within an oar's length of one, without waking it up; and, at this short distance, once or twice I poured a whole charge of duck-shot directly into his throat; but whether it survived or not, I could not determine, as it invariably got into the water again. All night long, the splashing of the caymans is to be heard, as they pounce upon the unlucky fish."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE PATRON OF THE FORGE.—Over the door of blacksmiths' shops in France is always placed an image of St. Eloy, who is held in high veneration by those who follow that trade, and they who enter the shop invariably salute it by a slight bending of the head, making at the same time a sign of the cross.

A SHORT LETTER.—The shortest epistle ever written consisted of one letter, and that a very small one. A French poet wrote Piron, the comic dramatist, two words, *Eo rus* meaning, "I am going into the country." Piron, not to be outdone in brevity, answered by the single letter, I, which means in Latin, "Go." It seems impossible to carry brevity any further than this.

FUNNY ETIQUETTE.—They have funny rules of etiquette at the English college of Eton. A young fellow, who by hard work had won a very high place in the list of candidates for Woolwich, went down to his *alma mater* to take leave of his old comrades. On calling on the Head Master, Doctor Hornby, he was informed that that potentate never wished good-bye to boys unless they left at the end of the term—or by special appointment!

THE MARKET PRICE OF ELEPHANTS.—The Moors, who drive a trade in elephants throughout the Indies, have a fixed price for the ordinary type, according to their size. To ascertain their true value they measure from the nail of the fore foot to the top of the shoulder, and for every cubit high they give at the rate of $500 of our money. An African elephant of the largest size measures about 9 cubits, or 13½ feet, in height, and is worth about $4,500; but for the huge elephants of the Island of Ceylon four times that sum is given.

CRIMINAL LAW.—A Chinaman, who was defeated by some relatives in a suit as to a burying-ground, murdered three of them, one being the son of his chief opponent. The criminal was sentenced to death, but it is a principle of Chinese law that the punishment shall be as far as possible commensurate with the crime, and accordingly the criminal's wife was sent into penal servitude, and his son was condemned to mutilation. His daughter, luckily for herself, was engaged to be married, and she was accordingly delivered to the family of her betrothed to be married when she comes of age, otherwise she would have had to share her mother's fate.

BEARD AND TEXT.—It is related of Jean-Pierre Camus, Bishop of Belley, that at the beginning of his sermons he would twist his beard into as many tresses as he had points to treat of and as he proceeded with the divisions of his sermons he untwisted them. The French rushed into the other extreme under Louis XIV., when, after the example of that monarch, beards all but totally disappeared. It was owing to the prevalence of the fashion of wearing beards in the reign of Julius II. and Francis I. that so many Provincial Councils enacted canons to keep up the time-honored custom of shaving. St. Charles Borromeo was first and foremost among the champions of that ecclesiastical custom.

I SEEK A MAN.—A famous anecdote of Diogenes is generally misquoted. Laertius relates, in his life of the cynic, that he took a lamp in broad daylight and began peering anxiously through the streets of Athens as though in search of something very valuable. When asked what he was seeking, the reply, as ordinarily quoted, is, "I am looking for an honest man;" but the real answer, as given by the biographer, is simply, "I am looking for a man," *anthropon zeto*. The cynic had temporarily abandoned his tub "to see a man." He was not looking for an honest man, but for a man in whom honesty, along with other qualities, could be found. Honesty was not what Diogenes was in search of. It was manhood.

THE TIME OF DAY.—The Chinese are very expert in telling the time of day looking in the cat's eyes. They will run to the nearest cat, open her eyes, and at once tell what time it is, all depending upon the size of the aperture of the eye, which is affected by the position of the sun and the character of the light, even when the day is cloudy. This method probably gave rise to the well-known nursery rhyme:

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.

THE APOTHECARY.—The *Tatler* says there was an actor of a former day who could play nothing well but the Apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet." This he played so well that he grew fat upon it, and then, of course, was set aside. Out of employment, he soon grew thin, and so again qualified himself and had a further run in it.

TAKEN IN.—A soldier wishing to get his discharge, shammed deafness so successfully, that all the medical men who examined his case were deceived by him. No noise, however sudden or unexpected, had any power to disturb his equanimity, and he had acquired such perfect control over his nerves that a pistol fired over his head when he was asleep did not apparently awake him. Grave suspicions as to the genuineness of his malady were entertained notwithstanding. Like most malingerers, he was a little too clever and complete. Still, it seemed impossible to catch him tripping. A final examination was made; the doctors expressed themselves satisfied; and the soldier was presented with his certificate of discharge. Outside the door he met a comrade who whispered, "Have you got it?" with a appearance of eager interest. "Yes; here it is?" was the unguarded reply. But the certificate, though filled in, was not signed and the malingerer lost his discharge.

SACRIFICE.

BY C. R.

"Nay, for his sake is anything too hard?"
So, almost eager for the sacrifice,
With the brave smile bright in the swimming eyes,
Speaks love: impetuous, seeking no reward,
Breaking the thorny path by custom barred;
Heedless of bitter winds, and cloudy skies,
Feeling the full heart to the call arise,
Glad in his offering; full, ungrudged, unshared,
All this so easy first; all this so easy seems!
But when the warm impulsive glow is past,
When the chill morning stares upon our dreams,
And every step draws heavier than the last,
Take heed, lest as hope dims, and labors irk,
Love, fainting, shun completion of his work.

BACK FROM THE DEAD;

—OR,—

The Mystery of Hollygrove.

CHAPTER I.

IT'S a snug little box. Two meets within easy distance, good garden, though a little out of order, pretty lawn and half-a-dozen acres of good cover behind; I think I've done a good stroke of business in securing it."

Charlie Severn flipped away the ashes of his cigar as he spoke, looking very well pleased with himself and his bargain.

I envied him—six-and-twenty, on the eve of being married to the best and sweetest little girl in England, heir to ten thousand a year, and the kindliest soul in existence.

We, his old companions, had given him a farewell dinner, and now, most of the guests having departed, Templer and I, his two most intimate friends, were enjoying a final smoke and chat before separating for the night.

"Etty calls the place gloomy," he went on. "But Paradise would have looked gloomy the day we ran down to inspect it. It was one of those horrid days last week. There was a northeaster blowing fit to take your head off, with a sprinkling of snow coming down along with it. I confess it did look bleak, but I'll have things put to rights before she sees the house again, and you know you fellows are coming down to help us make the place jolly."

I said I hoped to be able to have a look at his new abode.

"But you know, Charley, my boy, my leave is up on the tenth of January, so I shall not have much time to spare."

Charlie's face fell, then lighted up again.

"Look here, old boy, what's to prevent your coming back from Redfern with us?" he asked. "Cissy and Kit are coming. Templer's booked for the dance in Christmas week, and so are you. We'll all go over to Hollygrove in a body, and be a jolly party."

Now "Etty," Charlie Severn's bride, was Etheiberta Redfern, second daughter of the late Sir Francis Redfern, Baronet, of Redfern Park, Westhamshire, by Augusta his wife, only daughter of the Marquis of Fotherlands, while "Cissy" was Cecil Victoria, third daughter of same noble pair, and "Kit" meant Kathleen Maguire, the sweetest and most fascinating of Irish girls, niece to the deceased baronet.

Now I beg to state that I am not prone to rave about young ladies, being an old stager, lean, grizzled, brown as a walnut, and twice her age, but I acknowledge that a sweeter maiden than this Kathleen Maguire it has never been my fate to behold, and if——

"Shall we cry 'settled,' old boy?" Charlie said. "Templer is bound to come—eh, Tim?"

Now Percival Templer, known to his chums as "Tim," was, as I well know, ready to go to the cannon's mouth for a glance from Cissy Redfern, so was I to spoil sport.

I said "settled," and we separated.

I saw Charlie turned off next day: I believe the wedding was considered rather a smart affair, but to me it went off tamely enough.

Kit was given in charge to a lanky youth, a brother officer of her cousin, Sir Albert Redfern, and I never got near her.

There was a dance in the evening, a very brilliant thing, too, considering the time of year, but the room was so crowded that dancing was almost impossible.

I had a turn or two with Kathleen, and a few minutes' chat on the stairs afterwards, but her cousin kept hovering round her the whole time, and I felt that I was in the way.

It was a relief when, supper over, I felt at liberty to return to my lonely lodgings, to muse upon the good fortune which seems to shine upon some young men.

The Redferns left town the day after the ball, and I, finding London intolerably dull, went off with Templer to his father's place in Loamshire for a little quiet hunting with the Loamshire hounds.

It was slow work.

Templer's father is a widower, and all his daughters are married, so that Monkhampstead was a dreary place to stop at.

Nevertheless we managed to get through the time fairly well; we hunted five days in the week, shot on the sixth, and looked at the horses on the seventh, and, in spite of awful weather, rain, sleet, snow, and sharp thaws, we got on fairly well, although it was a great relief when Christmas came, and it was time to go to Redfern.

I suppose everyone knows that Redfern Court is in Westhampshire, and that Lady Augusta is the queen of the county.

A great lady even in London, she is the undisputed ruler in her county, and a very graceful queen she makes.

Redfern is the pleasantest house I ever had the good fortune to find myself in.

There are lovely gardens, beautiful even in winter time, delightful walks through beautiful stretches of woodland scenery, a capital ground for a cosy flirtation, if one were so disposed, and at the back of the house there are splendid tennis-courts, asphalt, laid down by first-rate men from town, for those who are enthusiasts about the game.

Yes, I enjoy a day or so at Redfern.

Had I expected too much, or had Redfern made things square with Kit, or what was it that was amiss with us all?

I cannot tell, I only know that I felt worried and out of sorts from the first day I arrived.

Kathleen avoided me.

If I entered the morning-room while she was there she invariably found a pretext for leaving it soon after.

If Lady Augusta entrusted her to my charge at dinner—she often did—the girl would scarcely speak to me.

I did not understand her; women have always been an enigma to me.

Formerly I let them remain so.

Now, I candidly confess, I wanted very much to unriddle this one, and she baffled me.

The day after we arrived Charlie and his bride returned, both of them seeming happy enough to drive one distracted with envy.

That was on Christmas Eve, and their happiness seemed to brighten us all up.

Christmas Day was a pleasant enough festival.

There was a big dinner-party, and a dance in the servants' hall, but the festivities were of necessity cut short at midnight, next day being Sunday, when all galeties were strictly prohibited.

We were to leave Redfern Court on the Thursday after the ball; Severn, his young wife, Cissy, and Kit going by an early train, so as to be at Hollygrove to welcome us—that is to say, Templer, Redfern, and myself.

Strange to say, on the morning of our departure, I felt more than half inclined to give up my visit, and set off to my good old mother at Cheltenham; but then I did not like to cut Charlie, even although I was suffering rather severely, for I need not try to conceal the real state of the case.

I was head over heels in love with Kathleen, and at my time of life that means more than a boy's passing fancy for a pretty face.

I knew she did not care for me, but still there was a certain fascination about her which drew me on and on.

That she did care for Redfern I had no doubt, but, although he hung round her and paid very devoted attention, I had my suspicions as to the genuineness of his affections.

I think I had a vague idea of saving her from him in some unknown way.

At any rate I had no very kindly feeling towards the young man as we sat side by side in a smoking-carriage, dashing along the dreary snow-covered expanse of country which lay between Redfern and Hollygrove.

Twilight was closing in as we gained the little wayside station, where Charlie awaited our coming in all the first freshness of his new character of host.

He greeted us as if some months, rather than a few hours, had elapsed since we parted, and whirled us along a fairly good turnpike road in a neat trap, drawn by a pair of spanking grey horses.

The house was a little over a mile from the station, and light enough remained for us to see a portion of it, as we drove up the avenue.

It was a squat, square house, commonplace and conventional, only differing from all the other houses in West Loamshire in being built of dark grey stone.

I think it was that which made it look so gloomy, yet as it was, too, in the depths of the holly-grove from which it took its name.

For it was a gloomy house.

Even the porch, full of brilliant blossoms, which was the first thing you encountered as you entered, failed to lighten up its gloom.

There were tall dark yew-trees on the lawn in front; and a frozen fountain, like a miniature iceberg, in the centre of the gravel sweep did not tend to make the place more lively.

But when we entered, and saw at the end of the long hall, a square of light and warmth, where three beautiful women were standing to bid us welcome, I began to think Hollygrove was not such a bad house after all.

Etty made a charming hostess.

She had on a wonderful garment—a tea-gown, Charley called it—all loose and flowing, with a belt about her waist, and a "Gloire de Dijon" in her bosom.

A most sweet picture she made.

Cissy was very winsome too, but Kate—I only cast one swift glance at her—for Kate eclipsed them all, and there was a soft shy smile on her red lips as our eyes met.

I felt a keen thrill of something that was not joy, neither was it pain, or hope, or fear, but a mixture of all, as I saw she was glad to see us.

Well, if the worst came to the worst, I should witness her happiness, and ought not that to be enough for me?

The provoking thing was that Redfern did not seem to mind much.

He was gazing round him, listening to Charlie's prattle about his house.

I kept my eyes away and listened too.

"You see this is the centre of the middle square. The stairs go up there," he said, "on either side of that glass door. The long passage we came up is the outer hall, the bedrooms open off the gallery there, behind those pillars, and the cupola overhead is rather pretty. Its stained glass makes this place look awfully jolly when the sun's shining."

It looks comfortable enough now in all conscience.

The ample hearth was piled up with blazing logs.

The stone floor was covered by a great thick Turkey carpet, while every imaginable shape of lounge, easy-chair, and cosy sofa offered luxurious places for repose.

Lamps swung from the roof, and along the wide gallery supplied the place of the failing daylight and helped to warm its ample space.

Opposite the entrance to the outer hall a glass door opened into a well-filled conservatory, and at my right hand, as I sat by the tea-table, I saw into another lighted-up apartment through another door.

"That's the drawing-room," Charlie said. "There's to be a smoking-room in the front part of the house, but those duffers of workmen have been so slow about it it's not half finished, and the library is all at sixes and sevens. We'll explore it to-morrow, and in the meantime we must make a smoking-room of the hall."

Presently the dressing-bell rang, and then Charlie conducted us to our respective apartments.

"Etty and I inhabit another part of the house," he said, opening a door, and thereby disclosing a passage lighted up, like all the rest of the house. "There are two jolly big rooms down there," he went on; "we thought we'd take possession of them, as Etty liked the view. This is your roosting-place."

He paused before a door at the west corner of the gallery, and flung it open.

"Templer's got the room opposite. Ciss, Etty's given you the middle one. You, Kit, are quartered at the other side; you have it all to yourself, for Bertie sleeps at our end of the mansion. Bye-bye boys and girls; do not keep the cook too long waiting, it's not fair."

We vanished into our respective rooms and began to dress—at least I did, but halfway through my toilet a most curious and unpleasant sensation came upon me.

I cannot quite explain what it was like, I never felt anything resembling it before, and I most devoutly hope that I never may again.

It was not fear, no, I am certain of that, neither was it pain, although it seemed to send the blood back into my heart with a sickening rush.

It was rather a dumb nameless horror of some awful unknown thing close at hand.

I was working away at my hair with a couple of big brushes, when it first came upon me.

I turned like lightning and looked carefully round, but nothing was to be seen.

I was simply standing before a well-appointed dressing-table, in a luxuriously furnished room.

A lamp burned on the mantel-shelf, a great fire roared up the wide chimney, candles were flaming on the table behind me, and the great cheval glass reflected back only my own manly form, clad in shirt and trousers; yet the stifling sense of some dreadful presence near me, beside me, grew more and more appalling each moment, and a sort of cold clammy feeling came upon me.

I seized a candle and went round the room, searching for it, whatever it might be.

I flung open the wardrobe doors.

Nothing more terrible than a coat or two dangling from some pins met my view.

Then I pulled the bed from the wall; nothing was to be seen, and with a laugh at my own folly I resumed the duties of my toilet.

The feeling gradually abating, at last completely passed away, but, what struck me as being very strange, a cold damp air, accompanied by a singular and most disagreeable odor seemed to float round the room.

I confess my first thought was "drains," but yet the odor was not like that which proceeds from defective drainage.

No: like a flash, the sickening smell recalled a scene thousands of miles away, when one hot sultry night I had inadvertently ridden too near one of those ghastly "towers of silence," which pollute the breathless air of the country round Bombay.

I shuddered as the weird uncanny scene rose up in my memory: The tower, rising above the lonely cypress grove, a dark outline against the deep blue sky of an Indian night; the circle of obscene birds, gorged by their awful repast, showing darkly in the dim light; the ghastly noises they made, as the sound of our horses' feet disturbed their repose, and they rose up heavily on listless languid wings to flutter in the darkness like evil angels.

This sickening smell recalled that night, and turned me almost faint as I stood.

Fortunately the sound of the dinner-bell aroused me, and brought me back to a sense of the awful state of things.

I went out upon the gallery, and loitered there a moment or two, but no one appeared.

I would hardly have confessed that I expected to meet anyone, and yet if Kit had happened to leave her room just then——

But she didn't, for she was in the drawing-room before me, and very sweet she looked.

Severn was the only other person there.

She was sitting on the hearthrug and talking very earnestly to him.

He seemed interested in what she had to say.

"Here's Tottenham, ask his advice. He knows a little about Ireland," Severn said as I came near.

"My advice?" I said, looking down at her. "Would Miss Maguire care to act upon my advice?"

She blushed rosered, and her blue eyes fell.

Had my eyes told her anything?

"She had heard that things are going all wrong at her father's place in Ireland, and she wants to start off at once and see them all. To share their danger, she says."

"Very praiseworthy," I said, a curious thickening of the breath coming upon me. What a brave girl she was! "But I trust you will not be permitted to carry out your intention—you are safe here."

"Oh, but I should be perfectly safe there too," she said earnestly. "You see, I know the people; I am not afraid of them, only for papa and the boys. For myself I have not the shadow of fear. Not one of them would touch me."

"You are very brave."

"No, I am a dreadful coward," she laughed.

"Are you? I should never have thought it. Do tell me what you are afraid of?"

"Oh, many things; spiders, rats and mice, crawly things, caterpillars."

I do not know what tempted me to ask the question. Afterwards I was sorry enough for it.

"Do you include ghosts in your list of terrors, Miss Maguire?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know. I never saw one."

"Should you be afraid of seeing one?"

"I am not sure," she answered. "It would be a new experience."

"You are fond of new experiences?"

"Sometimes," she said, gathering herself up, and rising to her feet as the rest of the company came sweeping into the room.

"And yet," I said, bending toward her as she rose—"and yet the old are better sometimes."

She looked into my face, a swift questioning glance, and turned away.

"Bertie," cried Mrs. Severn, "for this night only we'll go to dinner in state. Give me your arm, Sir Albert Redfern; Mr. Severn, take Miss Redfern. Major Tottenham, will you bring Miss Maguire in to dinner?"

I obeyed her gladly and we trooped across the warm bright hall to the dining-room.

Everything was in capital order; the new cook was a first-rate one: the wines were good, the company pleasant.

We were as happy a set of mortals as you could wish to find.

We had a little music in the evening, Etty played well, and sang sweetly.

Kathleen sang, but did not play, while Redfern was an enthusiast about music.

We had quite a small concert in one end of the room, Cissy, Redfern, and Templer doing audience, but I don't think they heard very much of the singing and playing.

It was late-ish when we separated, nearly twelve o'clock, and as the last petticoat vanished up the stairs, Severn roused the huge hall fire in a roaring blaze.

"Now we'll make ourselves snug, boys," he cried; "smoking-caps and dressing-gowns are to be the order of the night."

We were not long in equipping ourselves as he bade, and soon fragrant clouds were circling around us.

We heard soft voices murmuring in the gallery, and a low musical laugh made us all look up to see a bright face peeping at us over the balustrade.

"Ah! witches," cried Severn.

"Etty, send those naughty girls to bed. We want to chat."

"Don't reveal any secrets if you take my advice," Etty's silvery voice called out of the shadow.

"Cissy and Kit have only to leave their doors open——"

Her voice died away in a smothered peal of laughter.

We heard doors close, and then we knew we might chat away as freely as we liked.

We had a great many things to talk about.

Redfern's horses were coming over next day, not that there appeared to be so much chance of a thaw; but all the same, one can never count upon anything certain with regard to weather in this variable climate.

There were woodcocks to be shot, if the frost continued, and Severn had discovered a capital sheet of ice in some part of his meadows.

"I say, Tim, Cissy is dying to learn how to do the 'outside edge;' you can give her a lesson after breakfast," Severn said laughingly.

Templer reddened to the tips of his ears.

"We'll all go down to the pond—— Hallo! here they are again."

We heard a door open, and yet the sound it made was not like that of the smooth gliding hinges of the doors overhead; this was a harsh grating noise as if a rusty lock was roughly turned and a heavy door flung open with a sudden jar; at the same moment a damp icy air swept down upon us, and the same disgusting charnel-house odor that had so startled me in my room came upon us with a rush.

I felt the curious sense of an awful presence take possession of me, and looking awe-stricken into the faces of the three strong brave young men who sat with me, I saw by their expression that they shared my feelings.

Charlie sprang up.

"Those owls of workmen have been tampering with the drains," he said; "they have opened the door leading to the leads and forgotten to close it. Come, Bertie, we'll fasten it up."

We looked at each other, and with one consent we all went with Charlie up the broad stairs, through a small door opening

off the gallery, up a narrow flight of steps to the door which opened upon the roof.

It was shut, and strongly secured.

"That's very odd," said Charlie, as we stood looking from the closely-barred door into each other's puzzled faces.

"I could have sworn I heard this door opened."

"And so could I," said Templer. "The cold air seemed to come down on us from it."

"Yes," Redfern added; "it was just the noise it would have made if those rusty locks had been opened suddenly."

"Well, no one seems to have been near it," Charlie said in a tone of great annoyance.

"I'll have it seen to to-morrow, if possible, and I will speak to Kent in the morning. I suppose the servants think they can play larks on us because we are such young housekeepers, but I'll teach them the reverse."

I did not think Charlie's handsome face could express so much anger or decision as it did at this moment.

"I won't have her worried at any rate," he said, as we returned to the hall. "So now, lads, a final smoke and to bed."

I never could explain satisfactorily, to myself or to anyone else, the curious sensation of vague apprehension which was upon me, and which inexplicable feeling I saw reflected in the faces of my friends.

Our attempt at conversation fell very flat after what had occurred.

We were all thinking of it, and yet by common consent we tried to talk about other things, as we re-lighted our pipes and lounged about the hall.

The unpleasant smell was gone, only a curious chill remained in the air.

"How bitterly cold it is to-night," Templer said; "no chance of a thaw."

We agreed with him, and then, as the hall clock struck one, we went upstairs, lingering in the gallery until Charlie extinguished the lamps.

"Good-night and sound sleep to you, boys," he said, as we separated at the door of the passage leading to his wife's room. "You needn't say anything about that noise, or the drains, to any of the girls."

I readily promised, so did Templer, Redfern gave an expressive nod, and so we went to our rooms.

Although nothing further occurred, I did not pass a very tranquil night.

Once or twice I started from my sleep with the same vague horror upon me that I had felt in the evening, although in a much less degree, and I acknowledged I felt glad and relieved when I heard doors open, feet moving, mops and brooms in motion, and knew that it was morning, and the house astir.

CHAPTER II.

WE were lively enough at breakfast, although the snow lay thickly outside, and the sun struggled feebly through a cold grey mist.

Indoors all was warm and bright, and we were a pleasant company.

After breakfast we went down to the ice, and there we enjoyed ourselves—really and truly enjoyed the exercise, the clearing air, the bright young girls we were guiding over the dark face of the frozen mere.

It was a pleasant morning.

After luncheon Severn met me in the front hall, a puzzled look on his handsome face.

"See here, Tottenham, I've been talking to Kent about that row last night: he says the servants were all in bed by eleven, and that he himself turned in as the clock was striking twelve."

Then, drawing me into the porch, he continued—

"I cannot but think there was a trick of some sort played upon us. I certainly heard that door open."

"So did I."

"Well, here's an odd thing: the workmen left this part of the house yesterday at three so the foreman tells me, yet I certainly saw one of them in there when I was going down to the station at four."

He pointed to the library window.

"That might be easily accounted for," I said, feeling a kind of light break upon me. "Suppose some one of the fellows is an ill-disposed hound, or inclined to rob your wife's jewel-box, he might easily remain concealed when the others had gone away, and creep about the house until he found what he sought."

"Kent tells me the men now at work here are all natives of the place, with the exception of the foreman, who is from Gilder's in London," Charlie said.

"Well, you may rely upon it something will turn up which will explain the whole affair," I said. "After all a gust of wind might have blown down some of the loose boards lying about here, and kicked up no end of a row."

"What mischief are you two plotting?" a silvery voice broke in upon us. "Major Tottenham, you must not try to lead my husband back into his wicked bachelor ways. You are a dangerous man and not to be trusted."

"I am sorry you have such a bad opinion of me, Mrs. Severn," I said, turning round with a laugh; "you used to think better of me once upon a time."

"Ah! that was when I was young and foolish," she replied gaily. "Remember I am an old married woman now."

"An old married woman of a month's standing," Charlie remarked. "How very sober we have grown."

"I am learning how to keep you in order at any rate, Master Charlie," she said, "and I do not want you to go back into those naughty habits you used to indulge in in olden days."

"Don't you pity me, Tott?" he said, turning a piteous face upon me. "Poor henpecked mortal! Let my cruel fate be a warning to you."

"Pity you? No, indeed. I envy you, you lucky dog," I retorted.

"Well then, follow his example. Go and do likewise," Etty said meaningly.

"If I could, but then I am afraid I am too late," I answered.

"Too late?" she looked questioningly in my face.

"Yes," I replied; "too late. I am a battered old hulk; no one would think of me."

"I am not so sure of that, Major Tottenham."

Charlie walked away.

"Come and look at the greenhouse," said his wife.

I went with her.

"I wish you would make a friend of me," she said as we passed through the fine old hedge of closely trimmed holly which bounded the garden.

"I have half an idea that I could help you—that is if you want to be helped," she added, casting a scrutinizing glance at me.

I muttered some incoherent nonsense about being highly flattered by her offered friendship, and that I hoped as Charlie's wife——"

"Fiddlestick!" she cried, stamping her little foot.

"It's not as Charlie's wife I want to befriend you, but as Katie's——"

What she was going to add I know not, for just at this moment we turned a corner full upon Kathleen Maguire and Albert Redfern lounging along the path together.

The young man's arm was lightly laid around the girl's slender form, and although her face was turned away, there was quite enough in the way in which she loitered by her cousin's side to show that the caress was not disagreeable to her.

"Provoking," Etty murmured. "Just as I was about to explain."

"I hardly think an explanation is necessary," I answered, turning on my heels and stalking out of the garden.

It was not until I had time to cool down that I remembered how rude I had been to my sweet hostess.

I sulked about the place, feeling half inclined to drive off to the station and hide my jealous head in my good old mother's comfortable home at Cheltenham.

"And yet," I thought, "what an idiot I am!

"Why the girl has never been more than commonly civil to me, what right have I to be vexed with her because she prefers another man—a man, moreover, whom she has known all her life?"

Thus calling reason back to my aid, I retraced my steps, and went to the garden again.

Light was falling fast by this time, for it was after four o'clock, and the tall hedge, overshadowed by great silver-pine trees, made the old garden gloomier than it ought to have been, even with the darkness of a winter evening gathering upon it.

I hurried along the path to the greenhouses, but no one was to be seen, and I turned into the nearest one, hoping to find someone there.

Only a smart-looking lad was fastening up the door as I passed through.

Evidently they had all gone elsewhere, perhaps back to the house.

I lighted a cigarette, and strolled out of the garden along the hedge-row and back to the porch.

As I came to the door I met half-a-dozen workmen coming round a corner of the house.

They touched their caps to me as they went by, and it occurred to me that there was not one ill-looking or untrustworthy face amongst them.

I looked after them and counted them.

There was seven in all.

I lounged into the porch, for a light sprinkling of snow was beginning to fall, and I felt certain my good little hostess would not mind my cigar.

There were half-a-dozen big china affairs scattered through the porch; things like barrels, blue, red, and green; which I knew were meant for seats, so I perched myself on one of them, and smoked myself into a comparatively serene frame of mind.

I was sitting thus, gradually getting back into my normal condition, when something attracted my attention, some feeling of a person coming down the passage from the hall.

I cannot say that I heard any sound, only I felt that some one was at hand; I looked up the entrance, hall and saw a man walk out of the library, pause a moment as if to listen, then move swiftly and silently up toward the hall.

I saw that it was not Severn, neither as far as I could make out in the twilight, did the figure wear a workman's dress.

I know not what impulse came upon me.

A thought that this was the person whose nocturnal ramblings had disturbed us last night, and a fear for Mrs. Severn's well-filled jewel case, impelled me to jump up and follow the man.

When I reached the hall, Kent and his subordinate were lighting the lamps and setting out the tea-table.

"Who was it that came in just before me, Kent?" I asked.

The man—I had known him for many years—looked at me in surprise.

"No one, Major Tottenham," he said.

"Yes, someone came out of the library, and walked in here, by that door, a moment ago."

"I saw no one, sir; did you, Paul?"

The young footman shook his head.

"No, sir; I've been here for some little time, and I saw no one, sir," he said.

"This is very odd," I said, a sudden flash of thought coming upon me.

These two men might be in league with a third.

Etty must watch her jewels; and yet Kent had grown to manhood at Beckley Chase, Sir Oliver Severn's place, Charlie's home, and he had been six years in Severn's service.

Paul I knew nothing of; might not this lurking figure be a confederate of the smart-looking young fellow who stood facing me looking so innocently into my eyes?

"I tell you I saw a man walk up the passage and come in here," I said decidedly. "I could not be mistaken."

"Well, sir, I did not see him," Kent replied, "and I don't think he could well have come in without, but I'll not be positive. Perhaps he went upstairs, sir."

True, from the position of the stairs he might have crept up them unobserved while the men were busy about the fire.

"We had better see," I said, and followed by the two men I ran up the wide staircase.

Etty was coming along the gallery, her trailing gown making a soft rustle as she moved.

She seemed surprised to see me with the two men at my heels.

"Anything wrong?" she said, looking questioningly at me.

"No—no," I said, "only—where's Charlie?"

"Charlie? Really I do not know; he went with Bertie to the stables—the horses came at three o'clock. I don't know where he went afterwards."

"Never mind, it's of no consequence," I stammered out, "I'll see him when he comes in."

The servants went on, and passing along the gallery vanished.

Etty and I remained alone.

"Major Tottenham," she said, with an anxious uplifting of the brow which was habitual to her, "you may consider yourself a fairly good actor, but you can't deceive me. There is something wrong."

"No, indeed; I assure you, Mrs. Severn I only wanted to see Charlie. I find—I must go to my mother for a day or so."

She laughed.

"I thought so," she said. "I am pledged to hold my tongue, but I never promised for Charlie—no, not I. Will you kindly postpone your departure for a day or two? I see by your face you will, and, Major Tottenham, please, please open your eyes and see your mistake—I am bound not to say any more. Come and have some tea."

She took my arm with such a charming gesture and led me back to the hall with such gentle firmness that I was powerless to resist it, and presently the other two girls appeared—Cissy in a charming out-of-door costume (Templer had been giving her another lesson on the ice) and Kit in a close fitting gown of some dark stuff—to my mind the sweetest of the three.

Mistake, what mistake had I made?

Surely, surely there could be but one interpretation to the evident understanding established between Redfern and his cousin.

Mistaken? was I mistaken in everything?

Had my eyes deceived me, or my imagination played me a trick, when I saw that man's figure go up the passage and disappear into the hall?

I sat puzzling over the perplexing things which were meeting me here at every turn, until Severn's gay voice came ringing across the hall.

The playful, bantering tea-table talk went on from one to the other merrily.

I heard it flying from lip to lip, but yet I had not the heart to join in, neither did Kathleen take very much part in it.

She had a way of coming out with a smart saying quite unexpectedly, which was not a little disconcerting sometimes.

She had a ready wit, and a slight, ever so slight vein of satire underlay her sweetness, and gave a certain amount of piquancy to her remarks which made them unlike the commonplace inanities of other young women.

At least I thought so; but now she sat silent, letting chance after chance of slipping in one of her smart sayings go by until at last Severn turned on her with—

"Eh, Kit, are you tongue-tied this evening? You do not seem to have a word for any of us."

She started, blushing furiously.

"I was thinking," she faltered out.

"Thinking! What do young women have to think about, Etty?" Severn cried, flinging himself down on the lounge beside Kathleen.

"I could never discover what they have to occupy their thoughts unless they took up a whim—or fell in love."

"Don't you think a new gown would afford some matter for thought?" Cissy said meditatively.

"Kit is above thinking of her clothes," laughed Severn.

"Above thinking of my clothes? You must think me a very extraordinary person, Charlie!" Kathleen exclaimed, "I can assure you very few women rise to such a height that they can become indifferent to what they wear. I am not one of the few."

"Well then, were your thoughts in your wardrobe when you sat looking as if you neither heard or saw what was going on around you?" Severn asked.

"No, they were not," Kathleen said, her color rising still more.

"Come, come, I will not have Kit worried," Etty cried out from the table. "You are not bound to answer impertinent questions, Kit."

"Worried! was I worrying you!" Severn said. "I did not in the least mean it."

"I know you did not," she said softly, and rose from her seat. "I was thinking of a letter I must finish in time for post, so I must run away and get it ready."

She left us, going into the drawing-room.

Redfern looked after her.

"She says she must go home to her people in Ireland; that she cannot bear to be away from her brothers and her father while they are in such a state of danger," he said, in a low voice to Etty.

"I have said all I can to her, but it's no use. Will you try and bring her to reason—do your best to put such nonsense out of her head?"

"Yes," Etty answered, "I'll try; it won't be my fault if I don't succeed."

She looked across at me.

I wondered what she could mean, but I said nothing.

Templer and Cissy were deep in some affairs of their own.

Redfern got up and sauntered into the conservatory; Etty went after him.

Finding myself alone with Severn I called him to come out into the porch, and as we went down the hall together I shook the library door.

It was locked.

Sitting amongst the flowers and colored leaves I told Severn what I had seen, and how I had followed the figure into the hall.

He listened with an expression of unmixed annoyance on his face, and pondered for a moment or two.

"I'll tell you what it is," he said at last, "if you don't mind we'll go down to the village and see the foreman. Some of the men are at the bottom of this, believe me, and if so"—he clenched his hands, his brow darkened—"I pity him if I catch him," he muttered.

The wind was moaning fitfully amongst the dark trees as we went out into the cold and dismal scene.

There was a moon in the sky, but her light was obscured by masses of drifting vapor, and only a yellowish glare showed her whereabouts.

The sprinkling of snow which had driven me indoors was now supplemented by a mixture of icy rain.

It was not a pleasant evening to be out of doors.

Charlie and I pushed on bravely, although the path by which we went was almost ankle-deep in melting snow, and every step brought us into deeper and deeper drifts of it.

Still we trudged on, not speaking much, keeping our faces buried in the collars of our ulsters, for to smoke would have been trying in the teeth of such a wind.

The village lay in the dip of the hills behind Hollygrove, something less than a mile off, and twenty minutes' struggle with wind and weather landed us safely in the little cluster of houses which called itself a village.

It was easy to find Mr. Pink, Gilder's foreman.

His lodgings were in the post-office, general-dealer's, chief baker's, combined in one, which, next to the vicarage, was the largest and most imposing house in the village.

He was evidently very much surprised by what both Charlie and I had to tell.

"Well, sir," he said, "I can answer for it the library door was locked fast enough by two o'clock yesterday, and to my knowledge no one has been in there to-day, for the panels for the bookcases have not been sent down from town yet, and things in that room are at a standstill for the present."

Charlie looked at me.

"Could anyone get at the key?" I asked.

"Well, sir, anybody might have a second key, but no one could get our key. Here it is in my pocket."

He produced a bunch of keys, selected one, and showed it to us.

"It has not been out of my possession since the work began," he said.

There was a quiet dignity about the man which carried conviction along with it.

We both felt it would be impossible to doubt his word, and yet neither of us could have been mistaken as to what we had seen.

"Someone must have made out a second key," Severn said. "I should very much like to have a look round the library, that is if you will lend me your keys—or will you come back with us yourself? It's a bad night, it is true, but then I am most anxious to get at the bottom of this, and I should very much like you to come?"

"Yes, sir," Pink said; "I was just going to offer to come, for I want to get to the bottom of it too."

Our walk back was simply a repetition of our walk to the village, only I think the slush was wetter and the wind colder; we were delighted when we saw the lamps gleaming across the snow, and knew we were near home.

Severn opened the front door quietly, and with as little noise as it was possible for three men to make, we entered the hall.

Taking one of the lamps from its stand, the master of the house approached the library door.

It was fast locked.

"I thought so," cried the foreman, turning to us.

"It is very odd," Severn said, "but as we are here we may as well take a look round."

Pink unlocked and flung open the door, but none of us ventured across the threshold.

We stood sickened overpowered in a group about the door.

The room was filled with the the choking

disgusting odor which had so startled us the previous night, and which had come upon me in my bedroom.

We looked at each other.

"Drains?" said Severn, turning to the foreman.

"No, sir, not a drain passes near this part of the house. We had the floor up on account of that smell; 'twasn't half as bad either."

"You noticed it before then?" Severn asked.

"Yes, sir; here and in the two upper rooms."

"Ah! the room at the corner?" I cried.

"Yes," said Pink, turning on me sharply; "how do you know?"

"Because I sleep in it," I said, and then I told Severn of my last night's experience.

He could only say "How very strange!" and look at the foreman.

"What other room did you perceive it in?" I asked.

"The room corresponding to yours, on the other side," Pink replied.

"Kathleen's room," Severn said; "I must ask her."

"No—don't," I cried, "only get Mrs. Severn to put her somewhere else."

The foreman came forward quietly.

"Allow me, sir," he said, taking the lamp out of Severn's hand and going fearlessly into the room.

Emboldened by his example we followed him.

The same sense of an awful presence amongst us, which I and the rest of our party had felt on the previous evening, came upon us now.

Pink was like a ghost, Severn's face expressed unbounded horror and disgust.

The foreman's eyes went round the room as if seeking for something, and I felt the same rush of blood to my heart as I had done on the night before, but the loathsome smell seemed to drift away, and the dread sensation lessened in a moment.

We went round the room, opened every press, poked the walls, flung back the shutters.

Nothing was to be seen, nor, although we went through the whole of the front part of the house, did we come upon anything startling.

As we returned to the hall we saw a white figure come gliding down the stairs.

The foreman started, but to me there was nothing very surprising in it.

It was only Clary Redfern in a soft clinging white gown, dressed for dinner.

She looked at us.

"Why—not dressed! We were wondering what had become of you. Kitty has been sending everywhere for you, Charlie, and we went to listen at your door, Major Tottenham. We heard you fussing about inside," she said.

"Did you?" I asked, and then I remembered myself.

The girls must not know of the mysterious things going on around us.

"We'll soon be ready," I said, opening the drawing-room door for her.

Once she had disappeared, I beckoned to the foreman.

"Come with me," I said, "we do not want the ladies to be frightened, but I'd like you to come to my room."

We went upstairs together and entered the warm, bright, luxurious apartment.

A faint sickly smell seemed to linger about in it, but there was nothing else.

We held a brief consultation in whispers, and the man agreed to search the upper part of the house while we were at dinner.

"To tell the truth," said Severn, "my wife's jewels are worth stealing, and I am rather anxious on their account, so many things of the kind have been stolen of late. I'll take the most valuable of them to London to-morrow, but in the meantime ——"

In the meantime we must scurry into our clothes and eat our dinner as best we could.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Doren Well.

BY HENRY SELBY.

FOR years there stood upon the old Doren property, a good long distance from the kitchen door of the mansion, a queer stone well.

It was of carved stone, with grotesque heads and faces on every side, and behind it the head and body of some fiendish-looking thing—a sort of satyr it seemed—with such fierce expression in its carven eyes that all children were afraid of it.

A rustic shed covered the well.

Ivy crept over it, and half hid the stone face.

And it was certainly a very picturesque object.

There had never been either windlass or sweep; only a chain fastened to the roof of the shed, to which the bucket was attached; but the water was always so high that it was very easy to draw it in this way.

In connection with this well, however, something very remarkable had occurred.

In the year 1644, when the house was first occupied by the family, a young girl, Kathrine Doren by name, the younger daughter of the house, had gone to the well in the edge of the evening to fill a pail.

She never returned.

Her friends went in search of her, and found the pail on the well's curb.

It was thought at first that she was drowned, but this was not the case.

However, she was never seen again.

Her friends fancied she had been murdered; strangers believed that she had eloped with some lover; but no one ever knew what had become of Kathrine Doren.

Meanwhile, her niece, a child at the time, grew up, married, and had a daughter, whom she named Kathrine, after her lost aunt.

Forty years from the day on which the first Kathrine had disappeared, this second Kathrine, then seventeen years old, went in the gloaming of an autumn day to the stone well to fill a china pitcher.

Again the same thing happened: the pitcher was found on the well curb, and Kathrine was never seen again.

The whole country was scoured; posters pasted up in every town; advertisements inserted in every paper; but the mother died of grief without having heard any tidings of her daughter.

Since then, in every generation, the same thing had happened.

Seven girls had gone to the well for water and were never seen since, and, strangely enough, each had been named Kathrine.

Yet so sceptical are the people of to-day, that no one believed all that was said; and it was thought in the neighborhood that the Dorens were a race given to elopement, and that the girls took advantage of the legend of the well.

In the year 1844 the old house was a crumbling edifice that rocked in the wind when it blew strongly, and the widow of the last Doren, to whom it fell on the death of her husband's father, hesitated about taking up her abode there; but she was poor, and really had little choice.

So to the old house she went, with her one daughter, Kathrine—a girl of eighteen, blue-eyed, golden-haired, and bonny.

The widow had heard the story of the disappearance of the girls, but had scarcely believed, and had never repeated it to her daughter.

Kathrine was in utter ignorance of it, and of the well.

She ran about the garden, discovering new beauties at every turn, and at last actually danced with delight before the old stone well.

"Like a well in an old fairy story, mamma," she exclaimed, as she described it. "It makes me feel as though we really ought to find an old castle somewhere to match it. Just the well for a trysting-place."

"If I remember rightly, it has been an unlucky well enough for the Doren women," said the widow.

"Tell me the story, mother," cried Kathrine.

"No; idle tales like that are best untold," said the widow. "No doubt it is very good cold water; but when you meet your sweetheart, I hope it won't be at the well, but under your mother's eyes, in the house here."

Kathrine laughed.

"The sweetheart must come first," she said, and began to help her mother do the housework.

But she kept thinking of the well, and that evening, at dark, she took from the shelf in the kitchen a pitcher, quaint as the house itself, and without saying anything to her mother, ran down the garden path.

It was two hundred years from the day on which her ancestress, the first lost Kathrine, had she but known it.

But she did not.

She tripped along to the well, swinging the old blue pitcher in her hand.

She reached it, and bent over the curb.

A dim reflection of her own face greeted her.

"How high the water is!" she said. "I can reach it with the pitcher," and bent lower still.

But, failing to reach the water, she set the pitcher on the curb, and caught the chain which held the bucket.

On the instant it seemed to her that the stone satyr behind the fountain darted his head forward, and rolled his great eyes, and at the same instant great hands seized her arms and dragged her downwards.

The poor girl struggled and tried to scream.

The water was in her eyes, her ears, and her mouth; the blood rushed to her head.

Still the great hands held her, until suddenly she found herself leaving the water.

She stood in a great cave of white stone, with stalactites hanging from the roof; and the thing that held her she could not see, for it was behind her.

The stalactites glittered like diamonds—they draped the entrance to another cave.

This, however, as she was still pushed forward, she saw to be gorgeous with pearls and opals and sea gems of all sorts.

In its midst, under a sparkling canopy, lay a beautiful being, like a man, but more radiant, more splendid—a man whose eyes were jewels, whose teeth were pearl, whose lips were coral.

He looked at her and smiled.

And now for the first time the strange being who held her spoke.

"My prince," he said, "I bring you an eighth Kathrine."

And the girl, looking round, saw the stone features of the sculptured satyr behind the well.

"Kathrine!" repeated the being he addressed. "A pretty Kathrine, too—young, fresh, lovely. Katie mine, welcome to my palace. All that you can ask for shall be yours, and you my queen."

There was a subtle power in his eyes.

A strange mesmeric influence seemed to draw her towards him.

It was like that with which the snake charms the bird.

But at the moment she heard a strange fluttering chorus of sighs, and looking about her, saw the figures of seven women, all old and bent, sitting at seven spinning-wheels.

They seemed to be of stone; but as she looked they sighed again, and each turned into a white dove, that came fluttering towards her.

The breeze they made with their wings seemed to dispel the enchantment the man with the jewel-like eyes had cast about her.

"Let me go!" she cried. "In the name o. Heaven, let me go home to my mother!"

She forced herself into the outer cave, thence into the cold water of the well, calling on all the holy names she knew meanwhile.

Again her breath deserted her; the water rushed into her eyes and ears; but blindly feeling about, she caught the bucket that had dropped into the water after her.

Above her, at the top of the well, the blessed blue sky was visible.

At that moment a head blotted it out.

A man—a laborer—going home from his work, had paused there to drink; and the next moment she lay senseless and pallid on the grass beside the well.

When she came to herself she told her story.

Some said that she had only one of those visions which the drowning are said to have, and that the cold well had its source in some hidden cave, whither the water at times had power to draw any object on its surface; and some grew pale and shuddered as they thought of the seven stone Kathrines at their stone spinning-wheels.

But the widow Doren never said what she thought; she only caused a mason to bring a great flag-stone to the well, cover it, cement it, and seal it up forever.

The Duchess.

BY W. J. LACEY.

WHEN Elsie Lawton went up to Rocky Mount that summer, she carried an amount of fine and dainty clothing that made the plain country people open their eyes in amazement and admiration.

She had never before spent a summer at uncle Seth's, for there was a great family of girls, and each one must have her turn at Rocky Mount.

Elsie was the youngest, so at last it came about that while the rest of the family went to the Springs for the summer, Elsie went up to Uncle Seth's.

She was just eighteen; a handsome, haughty, dainty little lady, sweet and gracious enough in her way, but with a good deal of pride of position.

How she came by these notions I will not undertake to tell, for Uncle Seth and her father were own brothers; and though one was a hard-working farmer, and the other a city broker, both men were alike, simple, kind-hearted, and cordial to high or low.

Elsie's mother was a true-hearted lady, rather more dignified and reserved than her husband, and Elsie may have taken some of her stately ways from her; the stately ways which had had won for her at home the title of the Duchess.

Well, she went to Rocky Mount, and ate her first supper in the pleasant summer dining-room which opened out upon the wide lawn.

The supper consisted of the whitest of bread with home-made butter, some fresh strawberries, some rich yellow cream, and a dish of cold meat, to which latter Uncle Seth and a tall young man, with handsome gray eyes and curly brown hair, did ample justice.

This young man was introduced to Elsie as Mr. Owen, and Uncle Seth addressed him familiarly as Jason.

Elsie was pleased to be quite gracious to Mr. Owen, and took his very evident admiration with a little conscious poise of her head and an exquisite rose flush in her smooth cheek.

But she received a sudden shock after tea, when in the course of their conversation, the young man calmly informed her that he was one of her uncle's farm hands—or at least made some remark from which she drew that inference.

The next day, when she met him in his shirt sleeves, with a broad straw hat set back on his handsome head, and a harness over one arm, she gave him a cold little bow, and passed on to the bars which opened to a long shady lane, through which the cows passed on their way to and from the pasture.

He looked after her with much admiration and some amusement, and presently she electrified him by turning and saying very condescendingly:

"Jason, won't you be good enough to drop those bars for me? I wish to go through."

Uncle Seth Lawton was just behind the young man, and said, in an undertone:

"They call her the Duchess at home. That sounds like it, my boy!"

Owen made a swift gesture of silence, and proceeded to obey the little lady's commands, while Uncle Seth marched off to the barn, chuckling away to himself.

Elsie had not been there three weeks before it was evident to all the family that Jason Owen was her devoted admirer.

Mrs. Lawton ventured a playful remark to that effect one day, and was a good deal surprised when her pretty niece turned a look of unmistakeable displeasure upon her.

"Aunt Ruth! Of course you are joking, but I will say that such a joke is very disagreeable to me."

She passed from the room, and Aunt Ruth looked after her in comical dismay, when a smothered laugh drew her attention to the vine-covered window.

Just outside Uncle Seth and Jason were enjoying their evening smoke, and had overhead the conversation which had passed between Elsie and her aunt.

"Don't say a word, mother," said Seth Lawton to his wife. "She imagines that there is an immeasurable gulf between Jason and herself. Bless her pretty eyes! Where hid the girl get such notions? She's sound at the heart, I know, only she's grown up too topping. Even if Jason was only a poor farm hand, he is the equal of any in the country in common sense and brains. Eh, my boy?"

"It is very good of you to say so, my friend," said the young man laughingly; "but it wouldn't sound well for me to agree with you."

He strolled off by himself presently, and when the twilight deepened Elsie met him coming up the lane, with his arms full of lily-buds.

Now, pond-lilies were Elsie's especial delight, and she could not repress a little cry at the sight at them.

"Do you like them, little Duchess?" he said softly; "they are for you."

Elsie drew herself up instantly.

"You must not speak to me like that," she said.

"No?—why not?" he queried coolly, with his handsome eyes fixed upon her haughty face.

He certainly looked every inch a handsome gentleman as he stood easily, with his fragrant burden, before her; and Elsie began to feel absurdly disconcerted and awkward.

She made a desperate attempt to recover herself.

"It is my desire that you—you will not continue the little attentions which of course can amount to nothing, coming from you to me, and which I dislike exceedingly. I will not take your lilies, Jason, and remember in the future to address me by my proper name—Miss Lawton."

She made a movement to pass on, but he dropped his lilies on the ground before her and caught her hands in his.

Taken by surprise, she stood quite still while he poured forth some passionate words:

"My little darling, I love you—you cannot help that! The very ground your dainty foot rests on is precious to me—you cannot help that. Prince or peasant, gentleman or laborer, no man can give you more than the true love and devotion of a heart that knows itself to be your peer. Ah, proud little Duchess! Rule as royally as you may, you cannot rule out the love that Jason Owen bears for you!"

The next moment he was gone, and Elsie, her heart beating in great suffocating throbs, her cheeks crimson, and her eyes full of angry tears, sped away through the odorous twilight to the house.

Elsie had never listened to such words as these before.

She could never forget them.

It was the very perfection of presumption in this Jason Owen of course, and she must in the future treat him with proper reserve and coldness; but she would not mention the affair to her uncle, for she had no wish to injure the young man, and if her uncle should discharge him, very likely he would be without means of earning his living.

She began to experience quite a sense of pity for the imprudent young person, and prepared to meet him on the morrow with a gracious coldness which, while it should reprove his presumption, would still assure him of her willingness to let it pass into oblivion.

Who can tell what a day may bring forth?

The next morning the hired girl went away in a fit of anger, and Mrs. Lawton was taken suddenly and violently ill with neuralgia.

"Reckon you'll have to get dinner for us, little girl," said Uncle Seth to Elsie.

"I?" exclaimed Elsie in dismay. "Why, I don't know the first thing about cooking."

Uncle Seth looked at Jason Owen helplessly.

"I will get the dinner," said the young man gravely, "and Miss Lawton can attend to her aunt."

He got dinner.

Elsie turned away that he might not see the smile on her lips.

He had evidently quite forgotten his love-making of the evening before.

Uncle Seth went away to the field with his two boys, and Jason Owen rolled his shirt-sleeves up over his muscular arms and went to work in the kitchen, while Elsie proceeded to the sick chamber.

Elsie was a famous nurse, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her patient drop off into a quiet slumber.

She descended to the kitchen, where Jason was making extensive preparations for dinner, his curly hair powdered with flour, a basting-spoon in one hand, and a dredging-box in the other.

Elsie smiled as she caught sight of him.

Looking up, he caught the smile and laughed as he shut the oven-door on a joint of roast beef.

"How is your patient, Miss Elsie?" he queried.

"Asleep," replied Elsie, forgetting to resent his familiar address, as seating herself before a pan of green peas, she began to shell them.

That day, and several days which followed, contained good, wholesome lessons for Elsie.

She grew positively ashamed of her ignorance of household matters.

She burned her pretty hands over the hot range.

She boiled the eggs for breakfast a whole hour instead of four minutes.

And Jason Owen watched her through it all with a half smiling, half serious, wholly admiring look, which confused Elsie more than anything else, but which did not now arouse in her that feeling of anger which she had at first experienced.

What she should have done all those

dreadful days without Jason Owen she did not know.

He was the generalissimo in the kitchen, and the Duchess became his most humble and grateful imitator.

She made a mental vow that she would study housekeeping and cooking as soon as she returned home.

At last Aunt Ruth began to get better, and Uncle Seth rode away one afternoon, returning with a new maid, whose broad, good-natured face gave token of an even temper.

And the household settled back into its old routine.

Now that Jason Owen was less in the house, he fell into a cold and reserved treatment of the Duchess, which should have suited her precisely, but which—oh, the queerness of woman!—seemed to have the very opposite effect.

The day for her home-flitting was drawing near, and Elsie knew in her proud little heart that she felt very badly at the thought of leaving her uncle's hired man.

The night before her departure he joined her as she strolled down the lane.

He was silent and abstracted; and she a little afraid and half ashamed to say something which she very much wished to.

At last she tremulously broke the silence with:

"Mr. Owen, before I go home I want you to know that I am very much ashamed of myself for certain ideas which I entertained when I first came here."

She faltered and floundered, and he smiled quietly down at her.

"I know you must think me a goose," she went on hurriedly, dropping her formal manner of speech, "for talking to you as I have, and I beg your pardon."

She quite broke down here, and turned to run away, but he held her fast.

"I will forgive you on one condition, my little Duchess," he whispered softly; "that you will say—'Jason, I love you!'"

Lo, what a transformation!

The meek little Duchess repeated his words in the demurest of tones, and after an hour's ramble in the moonlight they entered the house for Uncle Seth blessing.

"What a farmer's wife you'll make, child!" said the old man, with a sly twinkle in his eyes.

"But, uncle, I am going right home to learn to cook. I shall put away all my extravagant ideas now, for you know Jason is a poor man."

"Yes, dreadful poor," repeated Uncle Seth, as he burst into a hearty fit of laughter, in which he was joined by Jason. "Why, Duchess, Jason owns the handsomest place in the country up in Stoneham. Bless your little heart he is worth twice as much money as your father."

Elsie turned a reproachful look upon Jason, who said, in a conciliatory tone.

"Forgive me, your grace. You snubbed me awfully, you know, and I could not help it. To-morrow we will ride over to Stoneham, and you see your future home."

But although her husband is a rich man, the Duchess is a nice little housewife now, and does not boil eggs a whole hour in order to have them soft.

Betsy's Blunder.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"WANTS a wife, does he?" said Betsy Boone, thoughtfully. "Well, I always did respect the clergy, no matter if they ain't no higher than strolling parrons.

"And this man has a regular parish and all that.

"Do you suppose I'd suit him, sister Simpkins?"

"I think you'd ought to, sister Boone," said Mrs. Simpkins, impressively. "But the trouble is that these middle-aged ministers generally seem to prefer very young girls with no more experience or discretion than my white kitten.

"Not that I've any call to say that Mr. Seth Hodges is inclined that way. I'm only generalizing you see, sister Boone. I do really think you're the very woman for a clergyman's wife, so says I to Simpkins, when I heard Mr. Hodges was coming to conduct the week of prayers in Bellegrove, says I, 'Send him to sister Betsy Boone's. That's the place for him,' says I."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, sister Simpkins," said Miss Betsy, smiling until every false tooth in her head was distinctly visible.

"And I won't forget it of you. P'raps Deacon Simpkins would like a leg of spring lamb?

"We butchered yesterday—and I've been saving up a dozen of them Plymouth Rock eggs for you.

"And if you could eat a jar of my gage-plums, as was put up by widow Waring's receipt, I'm sure you're kindly welcome to 'em."

So Mrs. Simpkins went home laden with good things of the world, and Betsy Boone put on her blue gingham apron and began to make an especial variety of cakes of which she herself alone possessed the magic formula—a cake called "angels' food," wherewithal she thought it would be most appropriate to regale the coming man.

"I must see and have plenty of coffee," said she to herself.

"Gentlemen are always fond of coffee, and a cold boiled tongue wouldn't come amiss. And—dear me, Sally Johnson, is that you?"

"Yes, it is me," said an alert, yellow-faced little woman, in a pink sun-bonnet, and a scanty calico dress, turned thrifty up to keep it from the dew and the dust.

"I just wanted to warn you that there was a tramp begging his way up our road—a great able-bodied creetur, as well able to work as my Eliakim.

"Mrs. Squire Soper, she just locked and bolted her doors, and made believe there wasn't nobody at home—and p'raps that would be the best way for a lone woman like you, Betsy Boone."

Miss Betsy's keen blue eye flashed scornful lightning.

"What should I lock my doors and windows for?" said she. "I ain't afraid of the biggest tramp going.

"All the same though, Sally, I'm obliged to you for coming to tell me. What sort of a looking fellow is he?"

"Tall and broad-shouldered," said Sally. "Hangs down his head, and looks at you onesided, as if he was ashamed of himself, as I don't doubt he'd ought to be, and wears a queer flapping hat down over his eyes."

"Humph," said Miss Betsy. "He'd better let me alone."

"Goin' to have company?" questioned Sally Johnson, eyeing the preparations for "angels' food" somewhat wistfully.

Miss Boone nodded.

"The Reverend Seth Hodges is to be here to-morrow," said she, "to conduct the week of prayer. You're going, ain't you, Sally?"

Mrs. Johnson sighed deeply.

"I s'pose so," said she. "Though I don't seem to get much good praying.

"I sometimes think the good Lord has forgotten me, since Eliakim took to drink, and my daughter Mary ran away with Bill Keeler, as never has been able to support her.

"However, I'll attend the meetings, if I possibly can."

And away she went, picking her way along the edge of the road, and wishing that Betsy Boone had been thoughtful enough to offer her a glass of cool butter-milk which stood in its tin pail on the kitchen table.

"Tramps, eh?" said Miss Boone, as she whisked energetically away at the whites of a bowl of eggs until they foamed up like so much snow. "I'll show 'em."

And she glanced meaningly at a tub of by no means immaculate soapsuds which she had saved from yesterday's wash, to throw around the roots of the grape vines when leisure should afford itself.

She was just washing up the best gold-band china, wiping it with a dainty-fringed china cloth, when a human head darkened the level of the kitchen window.

She turned around and saw the very personage described by Sally Johnson—a tall, round shouldered individual, with a flapping straw hat which nearly covered his sun-burnt countenance.

Strapped loosely across the left shoulder he carried a flat leather bag or pack, which, in Miss Betsy Boone's eyes, formed the merest excuse for being a travelling vendor book-agent, or seller of soaps and perfumery.

"Ahem-m-m!" said the presence, sonorously.

Miss Betsy Boone took no notice of this guttural way of opening a conversation.

"Is the lady of the house at home?" insinuatingly began the hero of the flapping hat.

"Yes, she is," curtly responded Miss Betsy.

"And she don't want none of your nonsense, neither. So clear out!"

The stranger began to fumble with the straps and buckles of the flat leather pack.

"I have here——" he commenced.

"I don't want any!" said Miss Betsy.

"But you will perceive that——"

"I never use it," said Miss Betsy.

"You will allow me to——"

"No, I won't!" exclaimed Miss Betsy Boone, beginning to lose all patience at this pertinacity of her unexpected guest. "Will you go, or won't you? That's what I want to know!"

"I wish, first——"

What it was that he wished, Miss Boone never waited to ascertain.

She caught a long-handled tin saucepan from its hook over the kitchen-dresser, dipped it into the "suds" contents of the tub, and flung it in a turbid shower over the round shoulders and the flapping hat.

The stranger gave a little gasp, but Miss Betsy afforded him no opportunity to remonstrate, following up her advantage with a second, a third, and yet a fourth saucepan full of soapsuds.

"There!" said she, desisting at last, with a sigh of triumphant relief. "Now I guess you'll go!"

Her conjectures were correct—the "angel unawares," whom she had declined to entertain, was hurrying along the road, shaking his dripping hat by its brim, and casting behind him ever and anon apprehensive glances, as if he half expected to be followed and re-deluged, whether he would or not.

And Miss Betsy Boone went back to her work with a chuckle.

"The ide of bolting and barring one's doors and windows," said she, "as if one was afraid of these miserable tramps, when a few drops of soapsuds settles 'em so easily."

Sister Simpkins was just sitting down to her noon-day meal of fricasseed chicken, green peas, and currant pudding, with the deacon opposite, in his shirt sleeves, and the six little Simpkinses ranged neatly on either side of the table, when a forlorn and dripping object presented itself at the door.

"Why!" cried Mrs. Simpkins, starting up, and instinctively tipping the nearest little Simpkins off it, "it's Mr. Hodges! Do walk in, Mr. Hodges.

"Sit down. John James" (to the dinnerless Simpkins), "stop bawling, and sit down. Dear me, dear me, what has happened to you?"

While the deacon, never a very ready man with his tongue, sat staring and silent.

"I've had a narrow escape—a very narrow escape," said the Reverend Mr. Hodges, who was still panting for breath.

"I really think ma'am, that Bellegrove is insane!

"Everybody here has locked and chained their doors against me! I have been treated with the most marked incivility—and at the residence of Miss Betsy Boone, just below here—a place to which I was especially recommended by the committee—a madwoman! yes, sister Simpkins, positively a madwoman, flung dirty water over me, before I could produce my letter of recommendation."

"Bless my soul!" said the deacon.

"It's some mistake," said Mrs. Simpkins. "They must have took you for a tramp, or a travelling agent, or some such nuisance! Dear, dear, what an awkward blunder to be sure! Deacon, take brother Hodges into the bed-room, and see if one of your clean shirts won't fit him."

From the deacon's bedroom Mr. Hodges emerged a sadder and a cleaner man.

But the Week of Prayer didn't do Miss Betsy Boone much good, spiritually or otherwise.

"It would have been all right," she said, with tears in her eyes, "if only Sally Johnson had minded her own business!"

THE FAIR FAMILY.—Amongst the various tales connected with the lore of Welsh fairies is the following:

A young man had just quitted an adjacent farm-house early one fine summer's morning, when he heard a little bird singing in the most enchanting strain, on a tree close by. Allured by the melody, he sat down under it until the music ceased, when he arose supposing a few minutes only had elapsed, but his surprise may well be imagined when he saw the tree withered and barkless. Returning full of astonishment to the house, he found that changed too, and no one within but an old man whom he had never seen before. He asked him what he was doing there? upon which the old man abruptly inquired who was he that dared insult him in his own house? "In your own house! where's my father and mother," said he, "whom I left here a few minutes since, while I listened to the most charming music under yon tree, which, when I arose was withered and leafless, and all things, too, seemed changed." "Under the tree! music! What is your name?" "John," said he. "Poor John!" cried out the old man; "I heard my grandfather, who was your father, often speak of you, and long did he bewail your absence; fruitless inquiries were made after you; but old Catti Madlen said that you were under the power of fairies and would not be released until the last sap of that sycamore tree was dried up." "Embrace, embrace, my dear uncle, your nephew!" The old man, was about to embrace him, but he suddenly crumbled to dust!

In ancient times, a door in a rock near the lake was found open a certain day every year, we think it was May Day; those who had the curiosity and resolution to enter, were conducted by a secret passage, which terminated in a small island in the centre of the lake; here the visitors were surprised with the prospect of a most enchanting garden, stored with choicest fruits and flowers, and inhabited by the Fair Family, a kind of fairies, whose beauties could be equalled only by the courtesy and affability which they exhibited to those who pleased them; they gathered fruits and flowers for each of their guests, entertained them with the most exquisite music, disclosed to them many secrets of futurity, and invited them to stay as long as they should find their attention agreeable; but the island was secret, and nothing of the produce must be carried away. The whole of this scene was invisible to those who stood without the margin of the lake: only an indistinct mass was seen in the middle, and it was observed that no bird would fly over the water, and that a soft strain of music at times breathed with rapturous sweetness in the breeze of the morning. It happened upon one of these annual visits that a sacrilegious wretch, when about to leave the garden, put a flower which he had been presented, in his pocket; but the theft boded him no good. As soon as he had touched unhallowed ground, the flower vanished, and he lost his senses. Of this injury the fairy family took no notice at the time; they dismissed their guests with their accustomed courtesy, and the door was closed as usual, but their resentment ran high; for though the Fair Family and their garden undoubtedly occupy the spot to this day, though the birds still keep at a respectable distance from the lake, and some broken strains of music are still heard at times, yet the door which led to the island was never reopended. Some time after this, an adventurous person attempted to draw off the water, in order to discover its contents, when a terrific form arose from the midst of the lake, commanded him to desist or otherwise he would drown the country.

A FEW mornings ago seven prisoners escaped from a Texas jail. Two citizens of Austin were talking of the affair. One of them remarked: "Those prisoners are very shrewd to make their escape just now." "What do you mean?" "Why, you see, the Legislature adjourned the day before, and are now returning home. If the escaped prisoners are arrested on suspicion, they can say they are legislators, and they will be released at once. Nobody will believe that an escaped prisoner will avow himself a legislator merely to avoid being put in jail."

Scientific and Useful.

SUBSTITUTE FOR QUININE.—Macalline, an alkaloid obtained from the bark of the macallo, a tree which grows in Yucatan, is recommended as superior to quinine in the treatment of intermittent fevers.

CEMENT FOR STOVES.—To make a cement for stoves take iron filings and mix to about the consistency of putty for glazing with white lead and linseed oil. Fill in the joints as securely as possible when the stove is cold, and let it stand a day or two before using.

IRONS.—The blacksmith often injures the wood work of a carriage by fitting his irons when too hot. If the wood burns ever so little it weakens it, and if a joint near the latter it is sure to open. A blacksmith who cannot fit an iron without depending upon its burning its way down should never be allowed to work at the forge.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—A new school is to be opened in Paris for instruction in industrial chemistry and physics. Its object is to enable young men to acquire special knowledge which will enable them to fill important positions in works and in manufactories of scientific instruments, and also to qualify them for undertaking original investigations.

HEATING BY PETROLEUM.—A method of heating by means of petroleum has lately been devised by a Frenchman. He uses only the less volatile oils in order to diminish danger; but he does not use wicks, however. He has recourse to the pressure produced by compressed air to cause the oil to rise in the burner, the pressure being effected by the injection of air into the reservoir by means of a tube and a hollow india-rubber device, alternately allowed to compress and expand.

THE TELEPHONE.—When the vessel La Provence, which sank in the Bosphorus, was being raised, the telephone was added to the diver's equipment. One of the glasses of the helmet was replaced by a copper plate in which a telephone was inserted so that the diver had only to turn his head slightly in order to receive his instructions and report what he had seen. The adoption of this means of communication in diving operations will, in case of danger or accident tend to insure safety to lives that otherwise would have been sacrificed.

SEA-WEED.—An English scientist is reported, in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, to have succeeded, after many experiments, in extracting from sea-weed a substance like that of a composition of starch and sugar, which is well adapted for the economical manufacture of certain articles of commerce such as imitation leather and transparent toys, &c. The sea-weed previously washed in pure water, or water impregnated with a little lime or potash, is dried and then pounded or ground according to its variety and introduced into a conical boiler. A soluble substance is extracted by a bath of hot water or steam and the residue on cooling becomes gelatinous.

Farm and Garden.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The electric light will affect colors of cloths as well as paintings in the same way, but not so quickly, as sunlight.

PILING WOOD.—A wood dealer advises farmers to pile the split article with the bark up. By so doing the bark adheres to the wood, and becomes an item of some importance when the farmer cords it up for the market.

BREEDS OF CATTLE.—Breeders of Herefords claim for their favorites that they are among the most hardy of all breeds of cattle and thus are particularly adapted for countries where it is impossible to take special care of cattle through the winter.

SHALLOW AND DEEP CROPS.—By growing deeply-rooted crops as part of a rotation the subsoil is made to contribute to the general fertility. Shallow-rooted crops, on the other hand, have generally a special faculty for appropriating food accumulated at the surface.

THE FUCHSIA.—The fuchsia is readily propagated by cuttings of the young wood. These will root in from two to three weeks, when they should be potted in rich soil, say one half garden soil or loam enriched with well-rotted manure and one half leaf soil, with a little sand added, to make the compost very porous. From the time the plant is first potted it should never be allowed to become so dry as that the growth will be closed.

MANURES AND FERTILIZERS.—Farm manures contain all, while commercial fertilizers may contain only a portion of the ingredients which plants use for food. But if a farmer were to find it profitable to apply large quantities of phosphates to his fields, as is often the case, he would probably secure that material more cheaply by purchasing a superphosphate or bone meal, than by getting horse manure from city stables at large expense.

THE COLOR OF FLOWERS.—A German professor assuming that the color of flowers is due to the combination of different chemical elements in their tissues has shown by experiment that when an alcoholic extract of the color is made it is enough to add to it an acid or a kaline substance to cause it to exhibit any of the colors which plants present. Flowers of the peony for example, give a violet liquid to alcohol; if salt of sorrel is added to this liquid it will turn a pure red; soda produces, according to the quantity that is added, violet, blue or green.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 24, 1882.

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THE FAITH IN FANCY.

Superstition has not only prevented mankind from attaining a superior eminence of happiness, but, what is more deplorable, it has added in a great degree to an already extensive catalogue of earthly miseries. It is not by the ignorant alone that superstitious beliefs are entertained, but by many eminent men of the past and present. Dr. Samuel Johnson was a firm believer in ghosts and second sight. Josephus, the great Jewish historian, relates that he saw the extraordinary sight of an evil spirit being induced to leave the body of an afflicted mortal upon the application of Solomon's seal to the patient's nostril. James VI., who was noted for his intellectual attainments and theological learning, was a firm believer in witchcraft. So deep a hold did this absurd notion have on him, that he published a work upholding this doctrine, and actually punished all who opposed the belief.

A popular belief is, that the sound produced by a little insect known as the "death watch" portends the death of some relative or friend. That the noise made by this little creature resembles the ticking of a watch is undisputed, but that it it in anywise foretells the dissolution of a human being is absurd.

Observation has established the fact that these little insects infest decaying timber and posts, and that the peculiar noise is caused by them in gnawing the wood in quest of food.

The howling of a homeless cur in the stillness of the night has caused more dread than would the roaring of a wild beast. And many who have braved the cannon's mouth, will tremble at the breaking of a looking-glass.

The number thirteen is supposed by many to be unlucky, and if they find themselves one of a party of that number they will depart with haste. But why should not the number thirteen be just as lucky as twelve, fourteen, or any other number? Many instances could be cited to establish this principle, were it necessary.

Superstitious doctrines are countless in number. But a few of them have been critically examined before, still, enough, we think, to justify the deduction that superstition is founded on and magnified by an ignorance of the plainest truths of natural science. If we remove the cause, the effect will cease.

Let more attention be given in the instruction of youth to the inculcation of the fundamental principles of the sciences, and less to mere ornamental studies, and the result will be advantageous to mankind.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE very best material with which to make lamplighters is a postal card cut lengthwise into strips one-sixteenth of an inch wide. They burn readily, to not give off sparks, and leave no ashes.

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LIVERY-MEN in New England towns say that the extending use of the telephone is doing much harm to their business, as many persons who were accustomed to hire teams to transact business in adjoining places, now stay at home and talk through the wires.

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IT is said that the fashion of wearing eyeglasses has seriously injured the sight of four-fifths of the Russian army officers. An order has been issued forbidding their use by officers in uniform, except on a medical certificate declaring them necessary.

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SEVERAL women are employed on the staff of computors in the astronomical observatory of Harvard College. It is claimed that women have shown themselves especially competent in the ordinary reductions of observations in more than one European observatory.

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AN ingenious way that people have devised in Germany of avoiding bother by begging tramps, is to put up placards on doors and in corridors announcing the premises to be the residence or office of a detective or police commissioner. These sign-boards are said to act like a charm.

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MALE prisoners between thirteen and sixty in English jails, if in sound health, sleep on a plank on entering prison until they have attained 240 marks, after which they have a mattress five nights in each week till they have earned 480 marks, then for six nights till they have earned 720, and then a mattress every night.

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THERE has just been held in Syracuse a long trial of a woman on the charge of murdering her husband by poison, and much testimony of a repulsive character has been given, and yet during the trial the court-room was daily thronged by women, who came early to secure good seats. All classes and ages were represented, from the old woman of seventy to the slender misses in their teens.

—

A CONSTITUTIONALLY nervous young man in San Francisco dreamed that he stood by while some men entered his room, put his dead body in a coffin, and prepared it for burial. He looked into the face, and saw that it was not only no older than himself, but a scratch made that day had not healed. He awoke, and realized that the dream, though wonderfully vivid, had been suggested by a recent perusal of Bulwer's "Strange Story;" but he could not rid himself of the idea that he would die soon. The dream came to him nightly, and at length with the date of his death fixed. This was more than his head could stand, and he died of brain fever.

—

RETURNING from a visit to the Princess Louise at Kensington Palace recently, Queen Victoria drove down the middle of Rotten Row, thus exercising a prerogative belonging exclusively to the Sovereign, and one of which she has very rarely availed herself. From this ancient privilege of royalty came the name "Route de Roi;" whence, by corruption, Rotten Row, The King's Route.

—

IT will pay any person who has a show window to hire a well-dressed person to look at the goods he displays. If the agent will, every quarter of an hour, walk up to the window as if there were something attractive in it, some other person will soon stop, and the other two will gather a crowd. In fact, many ill-bred and inquisitive people will force themselves between the first comer and the particular object that he is supposed to be viewing.

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THOMAS HARTWELL, who advertised himself as "the Great Seer of England," and offered to reveal the future for sums varying from twenty-five cents to a dollar, was lately sentenced at Birmingham to three months' imprisonment. He sold "love-charms," and a special charm for married women. Thousands of letters were found in his possession, showing that he had found dupes, mostly women in search of lovers, throughout the kingdom.

—

IN Washington they hatch chickens by steam, and it is said that when a restaurant-keeper there has an order for broiled chicken he goes to the hatching establishment, picks out an egg that shows some signs of animation, cracks the shell, assists the little orphan into the world, and immediately hurries back to put him on the broiler. For the capacious repast so prepared the moderate charge of 40 cents is made for a half, or 80 cents for a whole bird.

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AT the royal wedding the Princess Beatrice was called upon to sign her name in the register. She gave her bouquet to the Bishop of London to hold, and then she quite forgot to reclaim the fragrant burden from the right reverend divine. In his dilemma, the Bishop turned to the Lord Chancellor, who was standing near him, and having consulted the highest legal authority in England, the Bishop decided to retain possession of the same.

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THE German wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia does not take kindly to espionage. Finding that a letter home, in which she bewailed the dulness and danger of Russian royal life, had been actually opened on its way to the mail by a gentleman of her suite, she complained directly to the Czar, but met with scant sympathy. H. I. H. thereupon flew into a passion, and vowed that she would make a public scandal and go back to Germany. The official was then dismissed, and rewarded with a much better place.

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THE subject of kleptomania is again receiving considerable discussion. A gentleman farmer in New Jersey lately entered a store, and said to the proprietor, "I wish that my wife should do all her shopping for dry-goods in one place. If you will please watch her, charge the goods, and let me have the bill once a week I will pay it, and, instead of disgracing us by an arrest, you will win the thanks of a heart-broken man. Half the time she hasn't the remotest idea where she got the goods, and otherwise she is sane and lovely."

—

SOMEBODY asked several weeks ago how to use the etched or embroidered doilies which appear with finger-bowls at dinner. The etiquette of doilies and finger-bowls, as laid down by the best New York authority some time ago, is, that two napkins are brought with each finger-bowl, the smallest of which is laid folded on the plate to deaden the sound of glass, and the finger-bowl lifted from the side of the plate and placed on it. The tips of the fingers are delicately dipped in scented water and dried by pressing on the larger napkin, which is then tossed aside, or thrown lightly over the bowl. If grapes or berries which stain have been part of the dessert, the slice of lemon in the water is used to remove stains, handling everything with the lightest, quietest of touches. It is entirely in keeping with good foreign manners to dip a corner of the white napkin into the water, and pass it over the lips to freshen the mouth.

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A NEW departure has been made in the attire of ball-room waiters in London. An association has been started, all the members of which adopt an extremely neat livery of black with gilt buttons, and knee breeches with silk stockings. This precludes the gratification of their receiving hearty greeting as honored guests of the house; but it improves the appearance of a supper-room, and moreover, the liveried attendants exact a larger fee than is paid to them when they appear in the ordinary array of English gentlemen and their butlers.

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THE British National Lifeboat Institution, as indicated by the annual report just issued, contributed last year to the saving of 1,121 lives, from various wrecks, while the Board of Trade and the Coastguard, by means of the rocket apparatus, saved upwards of five hundred lives. Last year eleven new lifeboats were placed at various stations. On four occasions during the year the lifeboats upset, and four lives were lost. The number of lifeboats now under the management of the institution is 271. The number of lives saved during the fifty-eight years from the establishment to the year 1881, either by its lifeboats or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards, is 28,724.

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PEARL fishing on the coast of lower California is an important industry, no less than 1,000 divers being employed in bringing up the costly black pearl, which is found in a great state of perfection in the waters of La Paz. The pearl oysters are found from one to six miles off shore, in water from one to twenty-one fathoms deep. Merchants provide hats, diving apparatus, etc., for the prosecution of the business, on condition that they can purchase all the pearls found at prices to be agreed upon. These boats, which are usually of about five tons burden, sail up and down the coast from May to November, searching for treasures. The product of a year's work is about $500,000, estimating the pearls at their first value.

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DR. SCHLIEMANN lives in princely style in Athens, in an imposing marble palace which bears on its front, above the door, the inscription in letters of gold: "Hall of Ilium." Here, every other Thursday evening during the winter, he entertains a hundred or more professors, journalists, and statesmen. The spacious parlors afford room for more than three hundred guests. All the decorations of the house commemorate Dr. Schliemann's great researches. The floors are paved with Italian mosaics, the walls covered with Pompeiian frescoes and patterns of objects found at Troy and Mycenæ, and Homeric mottoes and inscriptions abound. At the family table classic Greek alone is spoken, and even the servants have classic names; the gardener is Priam, the porter Bellerophon, and the two nurses Hecuba and Polyxena.

—

FOR a long time the alarming height of the heels of a woman's boots has been a source of deep anxiety to her many friends and admirers, but it is generally felt that any remonstrance with her on the subject would only have a tendency to irritate her. An action was brought in London, England, not long since, to recover compensation for personal injuries, and was defended on the ground of contributory negligence. The plaintiff was a butcher, who, with his wife, went on board a steamer belonging to the defendant for a short sea trip. While stepping on board the vessel the plaintiff's wife slipped and fell, breaking her leg. A question was raised in the course of the inquiry as to the height of the heels on her shoes. She described them as being not very high—about the usual height. A medical witness expressed his opinion that the heels of the shoes worn by the plaintiff's wife were not very high; but admitted that high heels led to many accidents, and in some cases "conduced to injury of the spine." In the end the jury found a verdict for the defendant.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY M. S.

In the twilight alone I am sitting,
And fast through my memory are flitting
The dream of youth.
The future is smiling before me,
And Hope's bright visions float o'er me—
Shall I doubt their truth?
I know that my hopes may prove bubbles,
Too frail to endure,
And thick-strewn be the cares and the troubles
That Life has in store.

But 'tis best we know not the sorrow
That comes with a longed-for to-morrow,
And the anguish and care:
If the veil from my future were lifted,
Perhaps at the sight I had drifted
Down into despair:
If I knew all the woes that awaited
My hurrying feet,
My pleasures might oftener be freighted
With bitter than sweet.

And yet, though my life has been lonely,
Some flowers I have plucked that could only
From trials have sprung;
Some joys I have known that did borrow
Their brightness from contrast with sorrow
That over me hung.
For the moonbeams are brighter in seeming
When clouds are gone by,
If only a moment their gleaming
Be hid from the eye.

Sad indeed would be Life's dewy morning,
If, all Hope's bright promises scorning,
O'er burdened with fears,
We saw but the woe and the sorrow
That would come to our hearts on the morrow,
The sighs and the tears.
So 'tis best that we may not discover
What Fate hath in store,
Nor lift up the veil that hangs over
What lieth before.

The Student's Dream.

BY W. C. F.

WHEN I was a young man, I was for a short time a student at one of the German universities, where I soon made the acquaintance of several of my fellow-students, amongst them one named Carl Stromberg.

He could speak English very well—far better than I could German; and being both about the same age, and fresh arrivals in that place, we soon became very fast friends.

One autumn night, as we sat smoking in my chambers, he told me that he had fallen desperately in love, and was going to get married soon after Christmas.

I was not much surprised at the former statement, for I had suspected his condition for some time past; but I was at the latter, for Carl was not rich—certainly not sufficiently so to warrant his marrying. He informed me, however, that a few days previously a distant relative had died, leaving him a considerable fortune.

His intended was Gretchen Zechmeyer, a banker's daughter, whom he had met at her father's house about two months before. That night he had asked for her hand, and had been accepted.

After this, I saw little of Carl, and did not seek his society more than I could help; for lovers, whatever they may be to each other, are seldom desirable companions for uninterested parties.

One day while out skating, I met him with a fair young lady, whom he introduced to me as Fraulein Zechmeyer.

Although she was very pretty, having a face and figure that any artist might have gloried to paint, still there was something about her which I did not like.

One night, a short time before Christmas, as I sat writing, Carl entered my room, and seated himself in front of me.

For a few minutes I went on with my work; but as he did not speak, I looked up. He was staring gloomily into the fire, absorbed in thought.

"Carl," said I, "what is the matter?"

He raised his head as I spoke, and muttered something about running someone through the body.

Laying down my pen, I turned round, and stared at him.

"What is the matter?" said I, repeating my question; for there was a wild look in his eyes that made me think he had either been drinking or had suddenly gone out of his mind.

"Franz," said he—he always called me Franz,—"Franz I am a ruined man."

"You have not been gambling, and lost your fortune?" I cried; for I knew gambling was extensively carried on among many of the students.

"No; I have not lost that," he replied, sorrowfully; "but, what is far worse, I have lost Gretchen. If I had only lost my fortune I might earn another; but I can never love again as I have done. Ah! the dream. I knew it would come true!"

I looked at him, more astonished than ever, for as yet I could not comprehend his meaning.

"She is not dead, I hope?" said I, as the thought flashed upon me.

"No; she is not dead, except as far as I am concerned; but I see you do not understand me."

"That I certainly do not," I replied, drawing my chair up to the fire. "Tell me all about it."

"Well, Franz, to begin at the beginning, although we have been friends for some time, and have few secrets from each other, there is one thing of which I have not yet told you. There is a legend of my family known as the 'Stromberg Dream.'

"Every male Stromberg has the dream once in his life. I do not mean that we only have one dream in our lives, but that the dream only occurs once. We always know it when it comes, and it is always fulfilled. In the summer, as you already know, I met Gretchen Zechmeyer, and fell in love with her—for how was it possible to gaze on her and not adore the very ground she walked upon?—but then I was too poor to think of marrying.

"When my relative died, leaving me his property, I asked Gretchen to be my wife. I was accepted, and made one of the happiest men in Germany, for I thought that she loved me.

"I was mistaken, however, as you shall hear. About a week ago I had the dream. I can scarcely describe the sensation I experienced while asleep; but I felt as if existing apart from my body.

"I soon became conscious of some mysterious influence operating upon me, as though in my disembodied state I was capable of uniting with other disembodied spirits and being operated upon by them.

"Gradually the dream appeared, I did not see it—at least, not as we see things when awake; but I could feel the different events taking place around me, and could recognize the various people as clearly as if I actually saw them.

"The first thing I became conscious of was a man talking to Gretchen.

"He asked her to desert me and marry him, to which she consented.

"Suddenly bursting from some power which had hitherto restrained me, I dashed between them, and struck at my rival, whom I recognized as Friedrich Cohen. As I did so, the scene changed to a lonely spot surrounded by trees.

"Several muffled figures were standing round the prostrate form of a man, from a wound in whose chest the blood was flowing rapidly, staining the white snow on the ground.

"A short distance off stood Cohen with a drawn sword in his hand.

"Again the scene changed. This time it was a churchyard, in which a solitary figure was standing, looking at a grave. A wedding was taking place within the church, and presently the bride and bridegroom came forth. They were Gretchen and Friedrich Cohen.

"As the last scene faded away the mysterious influence gradually left me and I then awoke."

"Surely you do not put any faith in a dream?" I cried—"a mere nightmare!"

"You shall hear. The next day I was called away to a distant part of Germany on urgent business. I returned this morning and this afternoon went to see Gretchen.

"The servant informed me that she had gone for a walk, but would be back soon, so I went in to wait her return.

"As I sat waiting for her, the fatigue of my journey (for I had traveled all night) gradually overcame me, and I soon fell asleep.

"I do not know how long I had slept, but it was dark when I awoke, and as I sat half asleep I heard voices close to me.

"They were those of Gretchen and Cohen, and I had a faint recollection of having heard the conversation before.

"Suddenly I remembered the dream, for they were using the same words.

"I heard Cohen ask Gretchen to marry him, and I heard her consent and vow that she had never loved me.

"Until then I had been in that state between sleeping and waking, in which, although we can distinctly hear every sound around us, we are incapable of action.

"As Gretchen spoke, however, I roused myself, and sprang to my feet.

"They were sitting side by side on a sofa, unconscious of my presence, for the candles had not been lighted, and there was but the flickering blaze of the fire.

"Cohen had his arm around her waist, and she was resting her head on his shoulder.

"She gave a cry of alarm at my sudden appearance, and he started to his feet with an oath.

"Faithless girl!" I cried; "is this the way you desert your betrothed?

"And you, sir—is it thus that you requite the friendship and trust I have reposed in you?'

"'I was not aware, sir,' said he, with a sneer, 'that we had any eavesdroppers in the room.

"Enraged with what I had just seen and heard, and his insolent manner, I struck him violently into the face, making him measure his length on the floor.

"Foaming with rage, he sprang to his feet as he hissed between his teeth, 'This shall not end here!'

"'No,' I replied. 'Meet me at daybreak to-morrow in the Devil's Glen.'

"With these words I left him supporting the fainting form of Gretchen in his arms.

"And now, Franz, I have come to ask you to be my second to-morrow. The first part of my dream has come true; the rest will, also. I feel that I shall be wounded to-morrow, perhaps killed; and if the worst happens, I should like a friend to be near me when I die."

"I will be your second, Carl," said I. "But do not let any foolish dream disturb you. Cheer up, man! This affair will end better than you think. Take a good night's rest, and keep your head cool in the morning, and you will come home victorious, never fear."

I watched him walk slowly and dejectedly down the street, and then returned to my room, where I sat far into the night, thinking over what I had just heard.

What a contrast between the Carl of to-night and the Carl of a few weeks back, when he had told me of his betrothal!

Then he was rich and free from care, with a life of joy and happiness before him.

Now how different!

Jilted by the girl he loved, and whom he had been about to marry; deeply wronged by the man whom he had believed his friend, and who might be his assassin on the morrow!

I was greatly surprised at the conduct of Cohen and the quarrel between him and Carl, for hitherto the latter had been his best friend, and had frequently lent him large sums of money.

I had not asked Carl to give up the duel, for I knew it would have been useless; and besides, he was a good swordsman, so that the chances were in his favor.

When I called for Carl next morning, I found him dressed, and waiting for me; and to all appearance he had not been to bed all night.

Taking a couple of swords under my cloak, I proceeded with him to the place of meeting.

We were first on the spot, but had not waited many minutes before Cohen and his second made their appearance.

We had not brought a surgeon with us, as both Cohen's second and I were studying for the medical profession.

The choice of weapons having been made, the two men commenced the combat.

As I watched them, I soon saw that, although Carl was a splendid swordsman Cohen was quite equal to him.

While they fought, the expression of Carl's face was that of a man who considers himself doomed.

After a short time, however, he succeeded in wounding his adversary in his sword-arm.

Cohen's second and I immediately begged that, as blood had been drawn, the duel should be stopped; but the combatants would not hear of such a speedy termination, Cohen declaring that his wound was only a scratch.

As he bound up his arm with his handkerchief, I saw a fiendish expression pass over his countenance.

The combat recommenced, and the guards and passes were being given with great rapidity, when, just as Carl was about to make a thrust, his foot slipped in the snow.

Cohen saw his opportunity, and immediately lunging with all his force, his sword passed through the body of poor Carl, who gave a sharp cry and fell to the ground.

I ran to his side, fearing that he was killed.

He was not dead, however, but could not last many minutes, the sword having passed through his lungs close to his heart.

Raising himself on his elbow with great difficulty, he whispered, faintly:

"Franz, the dream! I knew I should fall! Two parts have come; the rest will come also! He will marry her; but she will not be happy! Good-bye, Franz, good-bye!"

I looked round, and his dream, as he had told it to me the night before, came to my mind.

Here was the lonely spot, surrounded by trees, looking still more gloomy in the gray light of the December morning; the muffled figures of Cohen's second and myself bending over the dead body of Carl, and the crimson stain upon the snow; and there, a short distance off, stood Cohen, sword in hand, calmly contemplating the scene before him.

"See what you have done!" I cried. "Not content with having robbed him of his bride, you must take his life also!"

"He should have been better able to keep them both," replied he, with a sneer.

I would have knocked him down, but that Carl in his last moments had grasped my hand, and his dead fingers, which had not yet relaxed, their hold, seemed to keep me back.

There was a large number of my fellow-students at Carl's funeral, for he had been a favorite with all who knew him.

I left Germany soon afterwards, for I did not care to remain there after my friend's tragical death.

* * * * *

Several months had elapsed since the funeral of Carl, when I had to revisit Germany and in so doing was compelled to stop for a few days in the town in which he was buried.

The duel, and all the incidents connected with it were fresh in my memory, and the familiar scenes around recalled those events which I would fain have forgotten.

Still, however, I resolved to visit my friend's grave now that I was so near.

As I was standing over it, mechanically reading the inscription on the tombstone, a wedding-party emerged from the church.

I looked up as the people passed, and Carl's dream flashed upon me in an instant as I recognized the bride and bridegroom.

They were Gretchen and Friedrich Cohen!

* * * * * * * * *

Years passed by, and I heard nothing of Cohen or his wife.

I was living in London, and one day had to attend a police-court as witness in a case of assault and battery.

Before my case came on, a German was to be tried for ill-treating his wife.

When the prisoner was brought into the dock, though greatly changed by time and the dissipated life he had been living, I recognized in him the Friedrich Cohen who had killed Carl in the days when I was a student in Germany.

It appeared in the evidence that he had left Germany some years before, and having taken to gambling, had soon squandered away his own fortune, together with that of his wife; for her father had died soon after her marriage, leaving her all his property.

Going from bad to worse, Cohen had eventually taken to drinking and beating his wife.

This was not the first time he had been charged with a similar offence.

His wife being unable to attend court on account of her injuries, was he remanded.

I went to Guy's Hospital the next day to see Gretchen, for I heard that she had been taken there.

I found her much altered—so greatly that I scarcely knew her.

She was unconscious, and, as the nurse told me, had been so for several hours.

A week afterwards she was dead.

Cohen did not long survive her, but died in prison a few days afterwards.

I am getting old now, and many years have passed since my student days; but still I often think of poor Carl; and, as I write, I see as distinctly as though it were still before me the duel in the lonely German glen.

"Jinny."

BY IDA FLINN.

THE sweetest, bluest of baby eyes, shining through the yellowest, most tangled mass of hair, the chubbiest and and dirtiest of baby faces peering at me from under a wide-rimmed sun hat; the plumpest of baby forms seated on the gate-post under the cherry tree, in wait for me, as I hurry down the garden walk, just remembering that I have an engagement in town at an early hour.

And as two white arms are held out to me, and a pair of rosy lips held up for a kiss, I guess in a moment why a certain baby is so good, and consequently put on my sternest air.

"Me go with Chody," came from under the lowered sun hat, as I passed, taking no notice of the flag of truce.

"No, Jinny can not go to-day, I am in a hurry, and besides, you are dirty."

"Yes, Jinny dirty, but me go with Uncle Chody!" and the little minx began climbing down from her exalted position under the cherry blossoms.

"You shall not go Jinny, I shall not wait for you," I said crossly, as I hurried away, leaving her swinging herself down from the gate-post and hanging in mid air.

"Chody cross, Jinny go way to the gipsies."

But her threats did not soften me in the least. I had heard her say such things before.

I hurried on to-day to keep my appointment, and if at first I had any slight pang of remorse for being cross to her, it was soon forgotten.

I finished my business and strolled down to the park with some friends, to smoke and talk until the cool of the evening, and then walked leisurely home.

The sun was almost set when I reached our meadow lot.

I remember the clouds piled up in the west looked like great mountains of fire that cast the shadow of their radiance out upon the evening sky.

The lake that lay like a calm, silver sheet reflected the glow, and the lilies that grew amid their throne of green, on the surface of the water, caught a rosy hue that mingled well with their creamy tints.

A robin late to its nest was pouring out a last noisy melody, before tucking its head beneath its wing to dream of lands more beautiful than ours; and the buttercups and wayside daisies had hung their heads, for the dew was falling.

Before I reached the gate, I saw my mother standing with bare head, looking down the road, and as she saw me coming, she came out to meet me, saying anxiously—

"Where is Jinny?"

"I do not know, mother. I have not seen her since dinner."

"I thought she went with you, I have not seen her since you went away."

A slight faintness came over me as I recalled her muttered threat of going to the gipsies, but I laughed at mother for being foolish.

"No doubt," I said, "she is somewhere in the yard asleep."

"No she is not, Charly, I have searched everywhere. We must get the neighbors to help find her, for she has strayed away."

Mother's voice trembled as she spoke, and I could see that she was more alarmed than she at first appeared.

I took her to the house, and after making her promise to stay there, I went out for help to search for Jinny.

All the night, the next day and night following was passed in search of the lost child, but no trace of her was discovered, and the second morning wore out with constant labor, without sleep or food, I went home and threw myself in a chair by the couch upon which mother lay.

"Mother, I know that Jinny has been stolen.

"She must have strayed from home and been picked up by strollers.

"She never would have gone, if I had not been cross to her."

Mother lay back helplessly among her pillows and covered her face with her hands.

"We have neither of us done our duty by the child, Charly."

Poor mother, I almost laughed when she said it; for had she not watched over her, ran after and spoiled her, at all times since sister Nellie left her, a wee, little bundle of lace and flannel, with two little pink hands and face to correspond.

She had done her duty to the little life left to our care; but I had failed most miserably!

To be sure, I loved the child, I romped with her, told her stories until I had com-

pletely exhausted Mother Goose, and always rocked her to sleep; but, although I never tired of having her with me about the farm, I never had been willing she should go with me from home.

I told mother of our conversation, and how cross I had been to Jinny, but she did not reproach me; she did not even weep, but sat day after day growing pale and thin, until I feared for her health.

Days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, but although the country had been searched far and near, every band of strollers within miles around had watched in hopes of still finding some clue to her whereabouts, our home was still desolate.

Every evening when I returned from the village, I could not help thinking—"If Jinny were here now, she would be coming to meet me;" and I still clung to the habit of drawing a rocker out into the side porch, and, rocking back and forth in the twilight, singing softly the old lull-a-by, though my arms were empty and my heart sad.

No little hands clasped mine, no little head laid against my breast; but I sat and rocked just as I used to do when there was; though now, my folded arms clasped no baby form, no sweet lips sought mine, and I listened in vain for the drousy voice as it used to whisper, "Chody, sing more."

Some times mother would come out and sit by me, and lay her trembling hand upon my shoulder; but we never spoke at those times.

The twilight hour was given to thought alone.

The summer was past; the autumn with its cold, cheerless rains set in, and winter followed, but no change had come to our little household.

There was no music of pattering feet in our wide, old-fashioned hall, no shrill voice sang those childish melodies we used to tire of hearing, Jinny, with her dirty little face and huge sun-hat had not come back to us.

"She never will," we said to ourselves, and mother hid away the dainty things that had been her's; hid them away to weep and pray over in secret.

Late in the next summer I was called to Boston on business, and as I was going down the Cannons, towards evening of my last day in the city, I heard a well-remembered voice call—

"Chody! Uncle Chody!"

"My heart stood still for a second, and as I turned back I fully expected to see Jinny coming to me with open arms and flying hair; but I was disappointed.

There was no child near, except a queer looking little thing, with baby hands and small bare feet, but with an odd pinched look upon its brown face, which stood looking at me eagerly.

I started back in surprise, and said involuntarily—

"This is not Jinny!"

But it was Jinny, for with a shrill, little cry, she sprang into my arms, and laid her brown cheek against my own.

I took her home without asking her any questions, and as she had fallen asleep when the coach reached our gate, I lifted her in my arms and carried her past mother in silence, and laid her upon her own little bed.

Mother and I wept tears of joy together, and thanked God for bringing back to us our own treasure; and with pleasure, not unmingled with pain, we watched the thin face return to its own rosy plumpness; we saw the last trace of her year of exposure depart, and Jinny, our Jinny of old, reigned again, a queen in our hearts and home.

We found out by questioning her closely, that she had watched me out of sight that day, and then ran down the road the other way. She had gone to sleep under a tree by the wayside, and on awaking, found herself the administration of a whole wagon full of dirty children.

Further from this we could learn nothing, excepting that she was cold and hungry and cried for Chody, and the big, brown woman whipped her.

The days were no longer dreary—the evenings no longer unendurable; for we had Jinny with us, and Jinny's prattle to amuse us; and what was far dearer to me, when the shadows began to creep over the hills, and the gloaming fill, a little form was sure to creep into my arms, and the curly head nestling against my heart, soothed any pain there might be there.

A Slight Mistake.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

"I WISH you wouldn't, Dorothy."

"Wouldn't what?"

"You know very well."

"Indeed I do not."

"Well, if I must be more explicit, I wish you would not act with that—that Ponsonby. The way he stares at you, and fixes you with his eyes, is enough to make a man forget his manners."

"My dear Cyril, you can't be serious. I have never known you so unreasonable before."

"Unreasonable! My dear girl! Considering we are to be married so soon, and all that, I really thought you would not object to a little advice from me."

"Of course not. If I like it, I shall always follow it. You know that."

"But surely, Dorothy, it can't be a pleasure to go through rehearsal with that lanky fellow?"

"Well, you see, I am bound to act now. This is the sixteenth, and the theatricals come off on the nineteenth—only three days; and how could Lady Rodney provide a substitute in that time? And besides, I should like to."

"Oh, would you? That of course, settles the question."

"Why, Cyril," exclaims Miss Bohun, "I do believe you are jealous!"

"I am. It does not make a man particularly cheerful to know that the woman he loves is to be the object of another man's adoration for even an hour."

"But my dear Cyril, it is only a farce."

"But, my dear Dorothy, I see no reason why it might not terminate in a tragedy."

Miss Bohun laughs.

"Even that," she says, "would be better than nothing. This place has grown so dull since the Stewarts left, and those men at Coote Hall."

"Look here, Dorothy, throw it up," says Mr. Disney, leaning over her chair, and bending his head until his face is very near to hers, "for my sake."

"Well, if you can bring me some fever, I'll take it; but I don't see where you'll get it, as there's nothing of the sort in the parish, and I'm convinced that nothing less could save me from this thing."

"Then you are quite determined not to give it up?" says Disney, coldly, drawing himself to his full height.

"I never was determined in my life," says Miss Bohun, with some just indignation. "I am remarkable for never saying 'no' to anybody. You yourself have frequently told me I had the sweetest nature in the world, and it is quite too late to alter Lady Rodney's arrangements now."

"No doubt you are right, as you always are. I'm sorry I can't be present on the nineteenth, but it is impossible, as I shall have business that will detain me about that time."

"Very pressing business?"

"Yes, very pressing business."

"Ah!" says Miss Bohun.

* * * * * *

When Disney had been two days in London, his thoughts undergo a decided change.

To have left Dorothy in the manner he had seems to him now to have been not only an unmanly, but a most unworthy action.

There is only one way out of it. He will write to her, and humbly apologize for his conduct.

The night passes wearily enough, and the morning brings him no relief.

He is still indescribably miserable, and sinks into the belief that there's no balm in Gilead for his uneasy spirit.

The next day he grows even more desperate, and finally decides that to-morrow, come what may, he will—metaphorically speaking—throw himself at her feet, and implore forgiveness.

How slowly the train seems to move, and how intolerable seems the delay at each station to Disney, as the next morning he travels on his way to Brompley.

One half-hour more, and he is fulfilling the guard's demands for the shattered remains of his multilated ticket, and awakes to the fact that he has actually arrived at his destination.

Hastily procuring his luggage, and engaging the first car convenient, he immediately proceeds to the Hall.

Arriving there, he dismisses the man, and giving his luggage to the inestimable Williams, he enters the house.

How good it seems to him being back again, and how small by this have Dorothy's sins grown in his eyes!

After all, how could she help it?

He is sure she hated having done it.

And how could she refuse Lady Rodney after promising to play her part?

And, besides, how many women act in private theatricals, and why shouldn't Dorothy, who is evidently fitted by nature for that sort of sport?

And when one comes to think of it dispassionately, there are few things so—so innocent as little *tableaux*, and little drawing-room pieces, and all that!

In fact, when they are married, he doesn't see why they should not have private theatricals once a month.

That green-room at Dindamore is just the place for a stage, footlights and drop-scenes, and so on.

He is getting positively enthusiastic over the theatricals, which subject has carried him as far as the drawing-room, when it suddenly occurs to him that Miss Bohun is not there, as the man has led him to suppose.

No doubt she is in the conservatory, which she so much affects.

He pauses.

He thinks he will give her a pleasant surprise, and, cautiously moving aside the curtain, that he may not too rudely break in upon the reverie that is doubtless filled with him, he gazes upon the little perfumed paradise beyond.

At first, the light dazzles his eyes.

He draws his breath quickly, and then—what does he see?

In the distance stands Dorothy—her features eloquent, her eyes alight, her lips half-parted, as a smile fond and tender hovers around them.

At her feet kneels Ponsonby, his hands tightly clasped; his whole attitude betraying devotion the most intense.

Even as Disney watches them, stricken to the heart by this cruel picture on which he has so unwittingly intruded, a passionate outbreak of words come from Ponsonby's lips.

"Darling," he says, "I appeal to you for the last time, and implore you to listen to me! Do not, I beseech you, let the adoration of another"—("That's me," Disney says, between his compressed lips)—"blind you to the undying love I offer! On you are centred all my hopes of future happiness! Do not sentence me to a life-long despair, but say you will be mine!"

Disney waits with maddening impatience and beating heart for her reply.

It comes very nervously from Dorothy's pretty lips.

Her head is bent modestly, and her hands lie passively in Ponsonby's.

"How can I answer you?" she says, in distinct but wavering accents. "And yet why should I not unburden my mind? Truth is always best. My heart has long been in your keeping, and if you wish it, it is yours."

It is too much! Sick at heart, Disney turns away, not caring to listen to words evidently not meant for him to hear.

The dreadful awakening has come!

All his dreams of bliss have been shattered by this sudden and unexpected blow; and Dorothy, his love, whom he had believed as true as the angels, is nothing more in his eyes now than a practiced flirt and heartless woman of the world!

His first thought is to return to London; his next to remain.

Has he not heard somewhere "second thoughts are best?"

Yes; he will remain, and see it out to the bitter end; and when this loathsome play has come to an end, he will tell her what he thinks of her, and how she has wilfully broken his heart and ruined his life!

At dinner he is compelled to meet her; but everybody being present, his exceedingly cold greeting passes unnoticed by all, except by Dorothy herself.

She cannot mistake the change in his whole demeanor.

Where is the tender pressure of his hand to which she had been accustomed?

Why did he come at all if he is still filled with bitter thoughts?

There is some faint comfort in the remembrance that she did not ask him to return.

He carefully avoids her all the evening; and next morning at breakfast is, if possible, more markedly cold and distant toward her.

She is saddened and disheartened; but pride comes to her rescue.

She decides within herself that she will show him how little she has taken to heart his coldness and indifference.

Never before, perhaps, as during this interminable day has Miss Bohun been so gay, so bright, so full of life and spirits; and yet in the solitude of her own room, while dressing for this luckless play, she sheds many a bitter tear.

At nine o'clock the curtain rises. The guests settle themselves in their seats, and prepare for anything.

Miss Rodney arrayed in a very Quixotic costume, fresh from Worth, appears before the British public (as represented by Brompley), simpering and grimacing, and doing her utmost to imitate a real live countess, while in reality she only succeeds in resembling a very inferior soubrette.

While Miss Falkner, from the Hall, who is in private life her intimate friend, now makes a poor pretence at waiting upon her as confidential maid, and renders herself utterly ridiculous by giving herself sufficient airs for half a dozen countesses.

Both are a distinct failure.

Everybody tries to applaud, but disparaging remarks fall lightly on the air.

The faint applause brings to life two hardy veterans, who for some time past have given themselves gratis to the open arms of Morpheus, and have contentedly reclined therein.

"I think Miss Rodney has a better chance of getting off than that girl in green," sleepily drawls Number One.

"Do you?" replied Number Two. "Well, I'm not much of a judge about that sort of thing; but my opinion is neither will get off before the other. You see, my dear fellow, when women are born with a talent for acting, like those two—two tyros, they don't get easily settled in life."

Then the curtain draws up for the second time, and somebody comes slowly on to the stage—somebody who sets Cyril's pulses swiftly throbbing.

It is Dorothy.

She is very pale, and her eyes are a little languid; but she is just a degree lovelier than she ever was before.

Disney hardly hears how the play progresses.

Not a syllable makes itself known to him; he can only tell himself how lovely she is looking, and that she is false as fair.

Her eyes are on the ground; but suddenly some words strike upon his ear, words that bring back to him a scene fraught with grief and anger.

He starts, and lifts his head; and for the first time eagerly regards the players.

Ponsonby is on his knees before her.

He is holding her hands.

His whole attitude is as it was that fatal afternoon in the conservatory.

He is again pouring forth his soul in words of extravagant passion.

And then Dorothy's voice rises, clear but sad, and devoid of the warmth that had characterized it during the rehearsal.

"My heart has long been in your keeping, and if you wish it, it is yours."

As she finishes her speech she raises her eyes, and fixes them steadily, and with keenest reproach on Disney, who returns her gaze, his eyes full of contrition.

Then the scene changes, and Miss Bohun makes her exit, amid applaudings loud and deep.

The curtain drops; so, I may almost say, does Disney.

How bitterly he now repents his unpardonable jealousy!

Where shall he hide himself from Dorothy's justly reproachful gaze?

Nothing he can ever do will make her forgive him—of that he feels assured; and as he calls to mind the happy days that have been, "Remembrance sits upon him like a ban," he feels "They should beware who charges lay in love."

Yet, in spite of his despair, he determines to make an effort to regain his lost position.

He will go to her.

Rising suddenly, he follows her to the green-room, where he knows she must be.

She is there, and alone.

"Dorothy!" he says entreatingly.

She turns with a start.

"Can you spare me a few moments?"

"Can't you wait until the morning, or is it a matter of life or death?" she speaks very coldly.

"That your answer shall decide."

"My answer?"

"Yes."

Going up to her he takes both her hands in his, and holding them in a close clasp, says—

"Darling, I have been a fool, a brute, everything unpardonable! Anything you could say to me would not be hard enough. I will go on my knees for your forgiveness, if you will only grant it! Did you know half the misery I have suffered I am certain you would."

"I'm not so sure that I shall."

"What! I shall die if you throw me over like this, I shall indeed!"

"Oh, no, you won't, not a little bit!" says Dorothy.

"But I assure you I will!" exclaimed Disney. "Life would be impossible without you!"

"Well, but, you see, I have promised Mr. Ponsonby."

"To be his wife?"

"No; not exactly that."

"Speak quickly!" he says, in a low tone. "Suspense is maddening!"

"I have promised him to become a member of the Archæological Society," says Dorothy.

"And couldn't you have said so before?" says Cyril, with a deep sigh of relief.

"How could I when you were going mad?"

"Darling! can you forgive my folly?" he asked.

"There's such a great deal of it, isn't there?" says Miss Bohun. "It will take me all my time, won't it?"

"Not all, I trust. Spare me a little, and I shall be more than content."

"Dearest Cyril," she says, mischievously, with a quick glance from under her long lashes, and a relapse into her rehearsal tone, "my heart has long been in your keeping, and if you wish it, it is yours."

"My love, my darling!" murmured Cyril, passionately.

And so,

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

THE EUNUCH.—The eunuch is a great personage in the harem or palace. His power is almost absolute. There is no limit to his control. The chief eunuch in a palace is black, and takes the position of the second man of the Empire, ranking with the grand Vizier. He is Captain of the girls. If they are insubordinate, he does not mince matters, but chastises them with rods on the bare body. Should the matter, however, be a very serious one, they are disposed of! These black eunuchs are hideous, ungainly fellows, generally with short necks and long legs; they are very haughty and overbearing in their demeanor, and when escorting their charges on excursions, slash about with their "courbatch" or whip indiscriminately, to clear the way for the pets of the Padishah. They enjoy princely salaries, and the large fortunes amassed by them result mainly from backsheesh screwed out of the inmates of the harem. It is from this class of Orientals that the mutes are selected. Mutes are still employed by the Sultan in his palaces as guards and attendants, and especially are their negative services availed of at the Porte, where all official business and diplomatic interviews are carried on. The mutes (we are not talking of the "Arabian Nights" and their fanciful stories, but in sober earnest as to what is happening at the present hour) are selected from the eunuchs, and when very young have their tongues cut out, and every means devised to keep them in a state of ignorance, as they are not even taught to read and write. The eunuchs are also turned to further account. When a Grand Vizier is to be deposed, or some other person in high office to be dismissed, such matters are usually carried with expedition. The officer whose duty it is to undertake this important mission is termed "Black Ears." It is for him only to notify the Grand Vizier that his power is at an end; he appears suddenly, always at midnight, and without any kind of warning. He receives for this errand a large amount of backsheesh. In former days it was his privilege and duty to strangle then and there the Grand Vizier or high functionary, whoever he might be. But things are more mercifully managed now, and the victim is smuggled on board the Sultan's steam yacht, to some distant point in Arabia or Asia Minor, and most probably the ministerial career is terminated by the simple process of administering a cup of "Mocha."

A little boy who was accustomed to say grace in the absence of his father, had a younger brother who found it hard to wait until grace was over without helping himself to good things. On one occasion, when company was present, the young master of ceremonies observed the small boy helping himself to cake before the blessing was asked, so he said—"For what we are about to receive, and for what Charlie has already helped himself to, the Lord make us truly thankful."

—WAR. WAR.—

WAR ON THE WASH-BOILER. WAR ON FILTHY FUMES OF STEAM.

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A person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to send for an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE PERSON.

A sensible person will not get mad when new and improved ways are brought to their notice, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

JUST THINK! NO STEAM TO SPOIL THE FURNITURE AND WALL-PAPER!

DONT FORGET TO TRY THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP FOR THE TOILET, THE BATH, AND FOR SHAVING. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant, and infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores, which other soap often causes. EVEN A PERSON OF ORDINARY INTELLIGENCE WILL KNOW FOR CERTAIN that the long-continued use of a Soap that is excellent for washing children CANNOT POSSIBLY INJURE THE MOST DELICATE ARTICLE WASHED WITH IT, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY, where it is not Sold at the Stores.

1st.—Send 10 Cents in Money or Stamps.
2d.—Say in her letter she saw the advertisement in the "POST"
3d.—Promise that the Soap shall be used THE FIRST WASH-DAY after she gets it; that it shall be used ON THE WHOLE WASH, and that ALL THE DIRECTIONS, even the most trifling, shall be followed.

Those who send for a Cake must NOT send for any for their friends. Let each family who want the Soap send for themselves.

Now by return mail a full-size 10-cent Cake of Soap will be sent, POSTAGE PREPAID. It will be put in a neat iron box, so as to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in postage-stamps have to be put on. This is done because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen out to sell to the Stores.

Of course, only one Cake will be sent to each person, but after trying it the Stores will then send for it to accommodate you, if you want it.

Make your Promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

THE FRANK SIDDALLS IMPROVED WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

EASY AND LADYLIKE; SENSIBLE PERSONS FOLLOW THESE RULES EXACTLY, OR DONT BUY THE SOAP.

The Soap washes freely in Hard Water. Dont use Soda or Lye. Dont use Borax or Ammonia. Dont use any thing but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. It answers for the Finest Laces, Calico, Lawns, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for soiled clothing of Butchers, Blacksmiths, Mill Hands and Farmers.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. *Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.* A wash-boiler standing unused several days at a time will become foul and tainted, even if used for nothing else, to the most cleanly housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in the Soap. Wash the white flannels with the other white pieces.

The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard and rub on the Soap lightly, just enough to cover all soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour, *and let the Soap do its work.*

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the washboard, and all the dirt will drop out; turn them inside out sometimes to get at the worst, but DONT use any more Soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add fresh clear water. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds. Any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wring each piece lightly as you pull it through the rinse water, without using any more Soap, and see that all the dirty suds are got out. *Any smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.*

NEXT the blue-water, which can either be lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for the Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until it gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them out, *hang them out to dry without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

Always make the blue-water soapy, *and the less bluing the better.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron much easier, and will dry as white and sweet indoors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. *Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces.*

☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement, and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, No. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

JOE'S TREASURE.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

JOE MILLAR was a rich fellow.

Not that he gave the impression of being particularly well off as he stood at his crossing with bare feet and threadbare coat, his face pinched and blue with cold, whilst the thin hands which held the broom were covered with chilblains.

Still, in spite of appearances, Joe really was a rich fellow, and he would have been quite ready to admit the fact himself; for he knew that, though he had little else, yet he possessed one treasure which was all his own, and which he dwelt in a bright, sunshiny spot to him; a peaceful place of refuge and shelter, like a little haven, into which he could creep when his long, tiring, often disappointing, day was over, and forget all his troubles for the time.

Joe's one treasure was his mother; his brave, tender, devoted, loving mother, who was all the world to him, just as he was everything to her.

Those two had only each other, but they were well content; having each other, were they not well off?

Joe felt that all the riches in the world could not have made him happy without his mother to share them; and would not Mrs. Millar rather have had poverty with her own boy than ease and plenty apart from him?

It was a bitterly cold day in December, and Joe shivered as he stood at his crossing.

His poor thin garments were scarcely calculated to keep out the cold; indeed, it was as much as they could do to hold together at all, in spite of the mother's careful patching and darning.

The boy, however, was not thinking of the cold, and the hungry look in his face was due, not so much to his sense of wanting food as to the longing for a few coppers to be placed in his hand; for he did so wish to be able to carry back something tempting for his mother's tea.

But what was there he could do?

There seemed no way of making more money, and to-day even the passers-by appeared fewer than ever, and less disposed to give.

Had they been able to look down into poor Joe's sorrowful heart, or to read aright the beseeching look in his eyes, they would surely have paused and bestowed a trifle on him; such a very little, just a few extra coppers, would have made him as happy as a king, seeing that just now the sole object of his ambition was to obtain a portion of that coveted chicken; for the more he looked at it, the more he felt sure it was the thing to put new vigor into his mother.

But Joe's crossing at the best of times was a poor one, and to-day his hopes seemed doomed to disappointment.

Mrs. Millar was sitting, weak and listless, gazing thoughtfully into the little scrap of fire which was all they could afford even on this bitter day, but which gave out so little heat, that though she had drawn her chair close up to the fender, she still shivered as she stretched out her benumbed hands towards the embers.

Though Joe would not glance onwards and face the trouble that seemed coming upon them—and after all was he not wise to abstain from taking up a burden before it was laid upon him?

Mrs. Millar sometimes during the long hours of solitude and enforced inaction whilst Joe was away, found herself pondering over things present and future with a sinking heart.

Suddenly she heard Joe's step on the rickety stairs.

As suddenly her face changed and lighted up, so that it was with the brightest of smiles she welcomed him as he came hastily into the room.

He gave her his usual hearty boyish embrace; and then, kneeling down beside her eagerly unfolded and displayed to view the tempting morsel he had brought in with him.

For just when he had been beginning to despair of any good fortune for that day, as the people had passed by, and taking compassion on the wistful face of the poor little crossing-sweeper, had dropped some pence into his hand, so that he had been able to effect the coveted purchase.

"There, mother!" he cried, looking at her with glad eyes, "I'm sure you'll like this, it's just the thing for an invalid. Doesn't it look good?

"You'll try and eat it, won't you?" he added imploringly.

The mother's eyes glistened as she put her hand lovingly on the boy's shoulder and gave his upturned face a kiss.

She was touched by his devotion.

"Joe, dear, this must have cost a great deal, more than you could spare out of your earnings.

"You shouldn't have done it, dear. I can't bear to think of your pinching yourself; and I'm afraid you can have had but very little over after buying this."

"I've done very well, mother, never you fear," replied Joe stoutly.

"Besides, I'm well and hearty, and don't need much.

"Now, won't you begin? It'll make me so happy to see you eating something that will do you good."

Mrs. Millar could not disappoint her boy, however great the effort might be to eat what he had set before her, for her appetite had entirely failed her of late.

He, on his part, bravely concealed his only half-appeased hunger, and tried to tuck his chilblained feet away out of sight, that she might not be pained by perceiving how bad they were; for it grieved her to see him obliged to go about without shoes or stockings.

But the days when she had been able to supply him with such luxuries seemed far back in the distance.

Things had been getting worse and worse with them for a long time, and now all they could do was to keep a roof over their heads, and just exist from day to day.

But the poorer they got the richer they felt in each other's love; the hard times they so patiently shared together appeared but to unite them the more closely, and no word of murmuring escaped.

The next day, when the boy returned from his crossing, he mounted the stairs with swift eager footsteps, for he had met with good success that afternoon, and was bearing home another portion of the delicacy which had proved so acceptable the evening before.

His good fortune that day had been so great that he had even felt justified in spending an extra penny upon himself, and for the present his hunger was appeased; so that poor Joe was at his brightest.

Gleefully entering the room, expecting to receive the sunny welcome to which he was accustomed—for the tired face always lit up with its sweetest smile when he appeared—he came to a sudden pause after opening the door, and uttered a low cry, whilst every particle of color forsook his cheeks.

For there was his mother lying back in her low chair, motionless and unconscious, with her head drooping, and her face as pallid as if her heart had ceased to beat.

He knelt down beside her, taking her passive hand in his, and calling to her to speak to him; but no response came.

For a moment he held his breath, and then, with a cry of unspeakable anguish, he sprang to his feet and fled from the room.

He almost tumbled headlong down the steep stairs in his haste.

Arrived at the bottom, he darted out of the house, flew down the court, and sped on and on, pursued by a terrible fear, until breathless, and spent, he reached the door of the nearest hospital.

Fortunately for him, his hope that he might perchance meet one of the doctors leaving the building was not disappointed. He had not known, in his extremity, to whom to turn for help; and this was the first thing that had occurred to him.

Dr. Horton, one of the very kindest and most benevolent men of the whole staff, was just about to enter his carriage when Joe came up.

"Oh! please, sir! please—" he gasped.

"Well, my boy, what is the matter?"

"Please, sir, mother's took bad. She's ill or dying, I don't know what has come to her.

"Please, oh please, come and see what can be done for her!" he entreated with imploring looks.

"So I will, my lad," returned kind-hearted Dr. Horton.

"Just tell me where she lives, and I will go there at once.

"Or, stay, you jump up beside the coachman, and direct him.

"That will be the quickest way, and we ought to lose no time."

Joe did as he was bidden, mentally thanking his new friend most gratefully for his kindness.

"Don't be alarmed: no need for you to look frightened," said Dr. Horton, glancing at the boy's despairing face as they stood beside the unconscious woman.

"I hope we shall soon be able to restore her.

"She has fainted away: nothing worse than that."

And to Joe's intense relief and joy, the doctor's remedies in time took effect, and his mother opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"I shall come in again to-morrow," said Dr. Horton before leaving, after having placed Mrs. Millar on the bed in a comfortable posture.

"You must tell me then all about yourself, and I will examine you thoroughly. "Cheer up!" he added, turning to Joe.

"I hope we shall soon see her much better.

She has got very low, but there is no telling what a little care may do for her."

The boy took his seat by his mother's bedside, holding her hand in his.

The food which he had brought in for her joyously lay untasted on the table.

She could not manage it this evening.

For the present she seemed too weak even for much speaking, and lay quietly, whilst Joe watched her with sorrowful eyes.

A new pain, terrible fear, had seized upon him, and the poor fellow felt inclined to lay his head down on the bed and cry his very heart out.

But he knew that would distress his mother, who was too weak to bear any agitation; so he bravely wrestled with his pain, and drove back his tears.

And when Mrs. Millar from time to time opened her eyes, which immediately turned towards him, he forced a smile, which was a very loving one, but scarcely so brightly as he intended it to be.

After a time Mrs. Millar seemed more disposed for conversation, and Joe began to relate all the little incidents of the day, as was his habit.

"The shops are getting full now of good things for Christmas," he remarked, after a pause, "oh, such fine things of all kinds! I shouldn't mind having some of them."

"Oh, mother! God gives so many good things to some people! If He would only just have given you good food, then you would have kept well."

"Hush! dear boy; we mustn't think hard things of Him, for He has been so good to us.

"Hasn't He given us each other? and He gives us better things still; He gives us Himself; and all the long hours when you are out, He comes and keeps me company, and it is so sweet no words could tell about it."

"Mother, do you love Him better than me?" asked the boy suddenly.

"Yes, dear, I love Him best of all. I don't think I should love even you so well if I didn't love Him most. And I want you to do the same."

At that moment a step was heard on the stairs, followed by a knock at their door. Joe sprang to open it, wondering who it could be.

"I've come from Dr. Horton," said the visitor a pleasant-looking, middle-aged woman, with a kind, genial manner.

"He has sent me with these things for Mrs. Millar. May I come in?"

So saying she advanced into the room and proceeded to open her basket, from which she produced some beautiful jelly and good strong beef tea.

"There! those are the right things for an invalid; and they are my own making too, so I know they are good.

"You are to give her a little at a time, but pretty often," she added, turning to Joe, who was standing looking on with an air of great satisfaction.

"And you must give her some at intervals through the night, Dr. Horton says; and he will come and see her again to-morrow morning.

"Here's the medicine, too; you mustn't forget to give it to her."

"Joe isn't likely to do that," said Mrs. Millar.

"He's as thoughtful for me as any nurse could be;" and Mrs. Millar tried to falter out her grateful thanks.

"Oh, mother! God has sent us some good things already," exclaimed Joe, as soon as their visitor had departed, with a feeling of compunction at the words he had uttered a short time before.

"Yes, dear. He is always sending us good things; for often the things that don't seem good at the time we find afterwards were the very best for us."

The next morning Joe felt it very hard to leave his mother, but he must go out to his work, however much he longed to stay beside her.

But he first put everything she could possibly want within reach; and she said she should get on very well.

To Joe's great joy she seemed able to relish a sip of the beef tea, and now and then a few spoonfuls of the jelly.

He stooped to kiss her before he went; a long, lingering kiss, for his heart was heavy.

"Cheer up, dear!" she said, with a bright smile.

"God sent us good things yesterday; perhaps He will send us still better things to-day."

"If He would only make you well, mother!" said Joe gulping down a rising sob: and then he hastened away, for he felt he was on the point of breaking down.

"And a fellow shouldn't blubber like a gal if he means to be a man," he remarked to himself, as he ran off to his post.

When Joe opened the door of their attic on his return that day, all impatience to learn how his mother was, he stood as if transfixed, gazing all round the room with an expression of utter astonishment.

His eyes, which had at once turned towards the bed, roved everywhere, casting searching glances into each corner, whilst his look of perplexity deepened more and more.

"Whatever can have become of her?" he ejaculated at length.

In the small bare room there were no recesses or hidden corners to inspect; all lay open to his gaze, and he had perceived at a glance that the mother whom he had left lying upon her bed, too ill to rise, had vanished; there were no traces of her to be seen.

"Whatever can have become of her?" was still his mental ejaculation.

At length his eye fell upon a slip of paper lying on the table.

He seized and read it eagerly, his face clearing and brightening wonderfully.

Snatching up his cap, he bounded down the stairs, and sped along the streets at as swift a pace as had done the evening before when hastening to fetch a doctor.

This time, however, the poor thin features did not wear the agonised look they had then.

At length he reached a quiet square, with a garden and trees in the centre.

After a little searching he found a door bearing a brass plate, on which was Dr. Horton's name.

Half timidly he rang the bell.

The door was soon opened to him, when the face of their visitor of the evening before presented itself.

"I thought it was you. Come in. I've been looking for you.

"You must have been astonished when you got home to find your mother gone."

"What does it mean?" asked Joe. "I don't understand."

"Well, we fetched her here—the doctor and me.

"He said there was but a poor chance for her in that little close room, with no good food or fire, or any one to nurse her up, and so he said he'd have her here for a bit, and see if we couldn't get her better between us.

"I'm the doctor's housekeeper," she explained; "and I'm used to his doing these sort of things. Now I'll take you up to see her."

Joe fell into his mother's outstretched arms with a gasp of relief, and then perched himself on the edge of her bed close beside her, whilst he listened to the account of all that had taken place.

"This is like a palace after Rock Court," she added, glancing round the cheerful, comfortable room with a look of great content.

"Oh, Joe, how good God has been to us! I believe I shall get better here.

"And just look at that beautiful fire. I haven't been so warm for weeks and months.

"And the food, and the kindness! Oh, Joe! how can we ever be grateful enough?"

The poor woman's eyes glistened, and so did the boy's, which shone with the light of reviving hope, and his heart danced for joy.

Mrs. Moss, who had left them alone, now returned.

"The doctor has come in, and he says it would be hard on Joe to send him back to your solitary room, so for the present we are going to put a shake-down for him in the little back attic.

And he is to have his supper and breakfast here, so that he can be with you all the time he is not at his crossing."

The faces of both mother and son grew radiant as they tried to express their thanks for such wonderful kindness; and Joe felt disposed to turn a somersault as a relief to his feelings.

Mrs. Moss looked on with a beaming face, as if she too enjoyed it all quite as much.

"Ah! the master is a grand man," she remarked.

"He's always doing things for people that no one else would ever think of; and the good he does is untold.

"He's a wonderfully clever man too; so you couldn't be in better hands."

Joe went to bed that night in his new quarters, so happy and excited that for once sleep did not come to him easily.

"Mother can't help getting well here," was the burden of thoughts; and after all he had gone through the evening before, hope was very sweet.

Christmas Day came, and Joe found it brought some good things even for him; such good things as he had never dreamed of.

Mrs. Moss had laid them out in his mother's room, so that they might look at them together.

First and foremost, there was a beautiful pair of new boots from Dr. Horton; beside them lay a couple of pairs of warm socks, knitted by Mrs. Moss herself, as well as a comforter, which would keep out the cold delightfully; and there were some half-worn flannel shirts of the doctor's which were to be cut down for Joe.

It was difficult to believe all these things were actually his own.

It felt more real when, after feasting his eyes upon them for some time, he actually put on the socks and boots, when his pride in his own appearance was great, and he strutted up and down the room with a comical look of self-complacency.

To make his satisfaction perfect, his mother had not been forgotten either, and there was a nice warm woollen shawl for her.

Joe had a regular feast, too, that day, on real roast beef and plum pudding, whilst, to his infinite joy, his mother was able to sit up for the first time in a comfortable easy chair beside the fire.

Joe placed himself on a stool close to her, and Mrs. Moss came and went, remarking once or twice that they looked the very picture of happiness and content.

It would have been difficult to have found a happier heart than Joe's that day.

His cup of joy seemed full, for Dr. Horton had said that morning that he saw no reason now why Mrs. Millar should not entirely recover with rest and care; and he did not mean to let her leave his house until she was in a fair way to get strong again.

At the end of a few weeks Mrs. Millar was sufficiently restored to health to leave Dr. Horton's—which she did with a heart overflowing with gratitude—and take possession of a room Mrs. Moss had looked out for them, a nicer, pleasant, cheerful room, very superior to their last.

To be sure it was a good deal dearer, but then they were now in a different position.

Instead of Joe's precarious earnings at his crossing, he would now be receiving regular weekly pay; for Dr. Horton had taken him on as the boy to clean the boots and knives, go all the errands, and do any odd jobs that were wanted, so that he already considered his fortune as good as made, and was mightily proud of his promotion.

Besides this, Mrs. Millar had been provided with plain needlework, for which was to receive good pay, as she was a beautiful worker; and there was little doubt of her obtaining frequent employment in this way through the doctor's influence.

Bright times had come at length, and very happy the mother and son were in their new quarters.

Joe could not talk about his feelings, but deep down in his heart was a sense of thankfulness to God, who had spared and restored to him his one treasure which he had been so near losing.

A WOMAN that marries a man because he is a good match must not be surprised if he turns out a lucifer.

WHEN YOUR LIVER IS OUT OF ORDER use Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills, and you will assist the biliary system in regaining a healthy condition, and get rid of many distressing symptoms.

Grains of Gold.

Hold integrity sacred.

Go not into the society of the vicious.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

Charity gives itself riches, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

Poverty is the test for civility and the touchstone of friendship.

He who can plant courage in the human soul is the best physician.

Revenge at first, though sweet, bitter ere long back on itself recoils.

A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on a sad heart.

The King-becoming graces: Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is proper, and nothing more.

While learning adorns a man, let us remember that truth ennobles him.

It is curious how little we feel the burdens we put on the shoulders of others.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

It is a good rule to walk fast until you get on solid ground—then to stand fast.

In cricket, as in other pursuits, a big inning sometimes makes a bad ending.

He that will not look before him, will have to look behind him—with regret.

Vigor may control our action, yet fact may never enter into our movements.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.

It is easy enough to have a temper of one's own; the great thing is to keep it.

Promises hold men faster than benefits; hope is a cable, and gratitude a thread.

The two powers which constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.

A soft word turneth away wrath, but it takes a very loud word to drive off a bore.

To enjoy the pleasures of wealth, thou shouldst first experience the fatigue of labor.

Men's lives should be like the days—growing more beautiful towards the evening.

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

Minds of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is far beyond their range.

A good constitution is like a money-box—its full value is never known until it has been broken.

It is a great virtue to restrain the tongue, to know how to be silent even though we are in the right.

Good intentions never justify evil actions; nor will good actions ever justify evil intentions.

More evil truths are discovered by the corruption of the heart than by the penetration of the mind.

The rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.

There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

There are many vices which do not deprive us of friends; there are many virtues which prevent us having any.

Sorrow and humiliation are not pleasant things, and yet many a man spends a whole week's wages in getting them.

Unbounded modesty is nothing more than unavowed vanity; the too humble obeisance is sometimes a disguised impertinence.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior.

Every good principle is strengthened by its exercise, and every good affection is more strengthened by its indulgence, than before.

Acts of virtue ripen into habit, and the goodly and permanent result is the formation or establishment of a virtuous character.

We behold all round about us one vast union in which no man can labor himself without laboring at the same time for all others.

To succeed in the world it is much more necessary to possess the penetration to discover who is a fool than to discover who is a clever man.

Think thrice before you speak. If a person were to stop and think every time before speaking, a great many things which are said would be left unsaid.

It is wrong to give mitigating names to bad things. It begets a color blindness in morality. It breeds loose ideas of right. It is uncharitable to one's self. Why call a lie a "fib?"

It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is another name for love—for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist.

There is no friendship so true and beautiful in its nature, so rich and full in its power of blessing, or so singularly rare in its occurrence, as that between parents and their grown-up sons and daughters.

Things that will wear are not to be had cheap. Whether it be a fabric or a principle, if it is to endure, it must cost something. Glitter, tinsel, brilliant coloring, may all be had without much expense; but if we would have strength, firmness, and permanence, we must pay for them.

Femininities.

An old maid's laugh: "He! he! he!"

A lawyer is the only man that ever made anything by opposing a woman's will.

Hope springs eternal in the female breast; woman ne'er is, but always to be—dress.

"Yes," there is one consolation," said the bereaved widow; "I look well in mourning."

A young lady, not well versed in music, wants to know if dance music isn't written in foot notes.

Advice to wives: Man is very much like an egg—keep him in hot water and he is bound to become hardened.

A certain Englishman speaks of an American young lady whose bonnet was as rampantly picturesque as her ruffle.

Jesse James evidently deserved his death, for when shot he had his boots on and was standing on one of his wife's chairs.

A Chinaman will steal a dog quicker than he would a woman, and, considering the style of their female beauty, we don't blame him.

Now is the time to clean houses. If you don't clean them now of the winter's dirt there will be no room for the summer dust to settle in.

The wretch who can stand in a pair of slippers worked for him by his wife and scold her, is a brute who deserves to have the gout in both feet.

A society for befriending young servant girls has been formed in England; in this country a society for befriending housekeepers would be more necessary.

A Michigan man told his daughter that if she learned to work he would surprise her. She learned the art, and he surprised her by discharging the hired girl.

"Listen, auntie—what's that?" "It's the cuckoo, darling. Don't you know the cuckoo?" "Oh, yes—the cuckoo's that horrid bird that doesn't lay it's own eggs!"

An Oil City man says that he and his wife never quarreled. "Because," said he, "there is only one boss in our house, and when she speaks the other half mildly obeys."

It is said that under the laws of the Pilgrim fathers a man could not kiss his wife on Sunday. Judging from the picture of some of the Pilgrim mothers, one day's vacation a week was not any too much.

We have always regarded it as one of the most heartless things in the world for a wife to try on a set of mourning in the presence of her husband—at all events when he is suffering from an attack of no-moneys.

"Yes, there is no doubt that women are much more apt than men in learning anything in the nature of military drill," says an old bachelor, "but I suppose it is because it will never be of any earthly use to them."

A pretty girl in Sweden turned up her nose at her poor but deserving lover, and it froze in that position. Now she she doesn't knew whether to go into a convent or hire out to stand in somebody's hall as a hat-rack.

Two female homœopathic physicians, both young and pretty, have opened an office in St. Louis. Their first patient was a man who said he had neuralgia from too much kissing, and he wanted to be cured on homœopathic principles.

A North Carolina Justice of the Peace recently married a couple as he sat enthroned in state on the back of a mule, and the animal for once realized that there was bigger trouble going on than he could produce, and kept his heels still.

"Not one American woman in twenty can walk five miles," says an English physician. See here, Doc, you just show an American woman a street five miles long, with bonnet stores every ten rods, and see if she can't walk the whole distance.

The following letter was received a few days since by an undertaker from an afflicted widower: "My wife is ded, and wants to be berried to-morrow at Woner klock. U nose whair to dig the Hole—by the side ov my other two waifs—let it be deep."

The death is announced at London, in her ninety-seventh year, of Mrs. Lilly, who attended the Queen as nurse at the births of Her Majesty's nine children, and was greatly respected and esteemed. The Queen sent a wreath to be placed on her grave in Highgate Cemetery.

In a recent breach of promise case wherein the plaintiff recovered $5,700 damages, she testified that the defendant had told her that she was a little dear. Most people will be inclined to agree with the young man. $5,700 for a girl is more than a little dear. It is sinfully extravagant.

Male calves are very apt to be sent to the butcher on reaching a certain age, while female calves are allowed to grow up and ever afterwards have nothing to do but lay around, eat, sleep, and be milked. Susan B. Anthony has never said a word about this discrimination against a sex.

A distinguished lady, having purchased a dog from a worthy vender, inquired its name. "William," the man responded, after some hesitation. "William! Is not that a very odd name?" "Well, ma'am, we calls him Bill," said the man, "but I didn't care to say that to the likes o' you."

Women, who are much more concerned than men in the selection and comparison of colors, are rarely affected with color blindness. This explains why the number of women who marry red-nosed men is ninety per cent. greater than the number of men who marry women possessing nasal organs of the same brilliant hue.

A few Sundays ago a parson preached a sermon founded on the beautiful story of Ruth and Naomi, in which, of course, mention was made of the love that Boaz conceived for Ruth while she was gleaning, and how she became his wife. As the congregation were passing out, one young lady was heard to remark to another, "You bet lots of girls went out gleaning after that!" The modern little dear seemed to think that they all could get a Boaz easily as did Ruth.

News Notes.

Cadet Whittaker is going to lecture.

The Catskills are still covered with snow.

Arkansas has only eight daily newspapers.

The unpaid Japanese indemnity continues to disgrace.

Bridesmaids in plain coral appear well in a gloomy church.

Senator Bayard expects to spend some time this summer on a pilot boat.

In Athens French is spoken altogether by what are called the "higher classes."

Among the clerks in the pension office at Des Moines, Ia., is a niece of Ex-President Pierce.

Young English ladies walk about London alone now, after a fashion unknown twenty years ago.

The newspaper list of wedding presents to the Duke of Albany and his wife is over two yards long.

Oxtails are quoted in the New York market at only $1 a dozen, and here it is within a week of fly time.

A Kentuckian of seventy-four years refuses to pay his taxes because he doesn't expect to live another year.

The First Congregational Church of Lynn, Mass., is preparing to celebrate its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

A Silesian apparatus attached to a plant records its growth, and also indicates the spaces by the tap of an electric hammer.

Last year 27,073 books were taken out of the library of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute, and 21,462 of them were novels.

At Nice an ostrich feather which began at the front of the lady's hat fell down her back, and at her waist was fastened with a diamond brooch.

Thirteen female pysicians are practicing in Clayton, Iowa, and at a recent fire there were not well men enough in the town to run the engine out.

The recent married Duke of Albany is very ill, and all the plans that had been made for a yatching cruise and a foreign tour have been abandoned.

Three respectable, hard-working servant girls have committed suicide in Utica, New York, within a year, it is asserted from disappointment in love.

Black velvet dog collars, fastened under the chin with tiny gold or silver clasps set with mock gems, are worn with both day and evening costumes.

The horse that killed Emilie Loisset, the Paris circus-rider, was afterward shot by Prince von Hatzfeld, to whom the girl was shortly to have been married.

Feathers and flowers are used in profusion by French modistes, and painted ribbon and painted lace add greatly to the elegance of dress bonnets and hats.

A letter addressed "gin o shed, mastuit," mailed in Chaplain, this State, was forwarded by a sharp-witted clerk to Indian Orchard, Mass., and found its owner.

A "silver mine" in Newburyport, Mass., which was sold in 1872 under the first cruse for $100,000, has recently been sold under the foreclosure of a mortgage for $420.

The accuracy of a man's business qualifications is generally deserved by his promptitude in consulting his watch while arranging an appointment two weeks in advance.

A robin has built her nest close by a circular saw in a mill in Fitchburg, Mass., and has laid four eggs, undismayed by the buzzing of the saw and the whirl of the machinery.

The Minnesota State Historical Society is about to purchase the old Goodhue printing press, the first ever used in the State, but that was not further back than the spring of 1849.

Tamaqua boasts of a one-armed base ball player who is one of the best batters on the nine, as well as being a sure catcher. He has made so far this season one of the best records of the club.

An elderly Canadian fell from a steamer at the Niagara, Ontario wharf, and went down twice before he was rescued, but when he was hauled out he was clinging to his pipe with great dental tenacity.

In the Scotch highlands forty years ago the people were cleared out to make way for sheep. Owing to competition from Australia, wool became barely half what it was, so that sheep have since had to give way to deer.

A resident of Iowa received $10,000 the other day. That night burglars broke into his house, bound him, and blew his safe into fragments, but found nothing. He had carelessly left the money in his trousers pocket.

A certain Dr. George Riches, of Kansas, has hired Mrs. Jesse James to sit upon the platform while he delivers in the principal cities of the country a lecture describing the "life and adventures" of the fiend incarnate who used to be her husband.

John Knauffman goes to bed every afternoon at Elkhart, Ind., soon becomes seemingly unconscious, then has convulsions, and finally preaches a sermon in a strained voice, with his eyes shut. This is considered supernatural, and the house is weekly crowded by visitors.

Scarcely a week passes without the record of some wonderful surgical operation. Sally Brown was lately taken in hand, had a dislocated knee and a broken rib taken out and new ones put in, and is now as good as ever. It cannot injure the story much to say that Sally Brown is a canal boat.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the Kidneys, Diabetes and other Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, which you are being so frightened about, Hop Bitters is the only thing that will surely and permantly prevent and cure. All other pretended cures only relieve for a time and then make you many times worse.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from unCured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

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CURES
HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

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SLATE MANTELS

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Office and Salesroom: 1210 Ridge Avenue.
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Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

New Publications.

"Our Little Ones and the Nursery" for June is one of the best of magazines for children of a smaller growth. Its contents are always just calculated for the fullest entertainment and instruction and the numerous pictures such as appeal to youthful eyes and hearts. "Our Little Ones" has its appointed place to fill and it fills it with signal ability. Russell Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

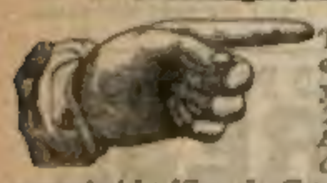
"Schiller's Works," now issuing in parts from the press of Ignatius Kohler, No. 911 Arch street, Philadelphia, has reached its conclusion in the twenty-fourth number. The careful revision and new translations by Charles J. Hempel, M. D., add materially to the value of the work, which can now be had in book form, in either one or two volumes, in various styles of binding, ranging in from $5 to $20. There has never been a more thorough translation of the works of this leading German author than this, and as no one can be said to be thoroughly well-read without a knowledge of this writer, we can commend this edition as certain to give satisfaction. It contains everything written by the famous poet, and each number contains several magnificent full-page engravings. Then to be in harmony with its other excellences, the paper and binding are all that they should be. In numbers each part costs twenty-five cents. Ig. Kohler, Publisher, 911 Arch street.

"Pot-Bouille," by Emile Zola, the greatest of the French naturalistic writers, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is a most extraordinary, thoroughly original, and wonderfully intense novel, full of colossal power and teeming with surprising incidents of the most thrilling and dramatic character. It is a study of the home life of the middle classes of Paris, and exhibits the same terrible and unflinching analysis of vice as marked its predecessors in "L'Assoummoir" and "Nana." Of course, everybody will want to read Zola's latest novel, and that it will create a marked sensation is certain. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Publishers, Philadelphia. Price, 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The June *Wide Awake* is a very beautiful issue, crowning its series of fine frontispieces with the $600 first prize drawing, "A-Maying," a picture which embodies all the joyousness of childhood, and the bloom of full spring-time. In company with it is a charming poem by Miss Wilkins who has also another dainty conceit in the number, which she names Once Upon a Time. There are two other full-page drawings in the number, beautiful enough to have served as frontispieces; one of them bears the legend, The Summer Boarder Goes to Church, the other, Hunting the Four-leaved Clover. Some excellent picture-making in this issue also comes from the pen of Francis Miller in the comedy, No Questions Asked, and Miss McDermott in the double-paged poem Maud's Problem, a witty little screed by Margaret Sidney; and the airy little frieze, Summer's Comet by the inimitable J. G. Francis, will be sure to get its full share of attention. In its literary matter, the number is notable for a charming Ruskin paper by Mrs. Bolton, entitled The Ruskin May-Day at Whitelands College, with pen-and-ink portraits of Mr. Ruskin and Miss Osborn, the May Queen, and for Mr. Ober's illustrated paper upon the Zuni Indians—How a White Man Became the War Chief of the Zunis; and of course, there are first-rate stories, and beautiful poems, and valuable papers. $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

The June number of the *Eclectic Magazine* is at hand, and has the following varied and excellent table of contents: A Few Words about the Nineteenth Century, by Frederick Harrison; The Relation of Insects to Flowers, by Professor Asa Gray; Emigration from Ireland by J. H. Tuke; The Borders and their Ballads; Talk and Talkers, by R. L. Stevenson; Whispers, a poem; The Lady Maud, a sea tale, by the author of The Wreck of the Grosvenor, chapters IV. to VI.; A New Theory of the Sun, by Prof. C. William Siemans; A Statesman's Love Letters; Perry's Greek and Roman Sculpture, by Sir G. W. Cox, M. A.; The Church by the Sea, by Edward Gosse; Emile Zola, by Andrew Lang; The World's End; Adventures on the Rovuma, Souvenirs of African Travel, Part I., by Joseph Thomas, F. R. G. S.; Out of the Beaten Track in Madagascar; The Future of English Humor; Eidola, a poem, by F. B. Harris; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Science and Art; and Miscellany. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single copy, 45 cents; trial subscription for three months, $1.



THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of *The Frank Siddalls Soap* had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.

THREE GOOD DOCTORS.

The best of all the pill-box crew,
Since ever time began,
Are the doctors who have most to do
With the health of a hearty man.

And so I count them up again,
And praise them as I can:
There's Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue,
"I know you well," says he;
"Your stomach is poor, and your liver is sprung—
We must make your food agree."

And Dr. Quiet he feels my wrist,
And he gravely shakes his head;
"Now, now, dear sir, I must insist
That you go at ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me
Of all the pill-box crew!
For he smiles and says, as he fobs his fee,
"Laugh on, whatever you do!"

So now I eat what I ought to eat,
And at ten I go to bed,
And I laugh in the face of cold or heat;
For thus have the doctors said.

And so I count them up again,
And praise them as I can:
There's Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

U. N. NONE.

Humorous.

A parrot is a great comfort to a lone woman. It soon learns to swear, whistle and make a noise, as good as a man.

Titian red is the word now used to describe hair of a certain color. It is quite as expressive, and much prettier than the old word, brick top.

It is stated that persons under the influence of ether are prone to confess their crimes. If this fact becomes known, it will be impossible to induce more than one person in every ten thousand to take the stuff.

The beauties of the face of women are often obscured by tormenting humors, easily got rid of by using Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure. It heals eruptions of the skin or scalp, and renders the cuticle smooth and fair. An excellent toilet dressing.

Great Demand for Beatty's Organs.

Beatty's Beethoven Organ is meeting with wonderful sales. Nearly two thousand were manufactured and shipped during the month of May from his factory at Washington, New Jersey. A special ten-day offer is made to readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST in another column.

(From the Toledo *Blade*.)

SURPRISING EFFECTS

OF EXTRACT OF CELERY

AND CHAMOMILE UPON THE

NERVOUS SYSTEM AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

AS INVARIABLY PRODUCED BY DR.

C. W. BENSON'S CELERY AND

CHAMOMILE PILLS.

They have been tested time and time again, and always with satisfactory results. This preparation just meets the necessities of the case. Let me state just what my Pills are made to cure, and what they have cured and WILL CURE: Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Sleeplessness, Paralysis and Dyspepsia. These diseases are all Nervous diseases. Nervousness embraces nervous weakness, irritation, despondency, melancholy, and a restless, dissatisfied, miserable state of mind and body, indescribable.

These are some of the symptoms of nervousness: now, to be fully restored to health and happiness is a priceless boon, and yet for 50 cents you can satisfy yourself that there is a cure for you, and for $5 at the very furthest that cure can be fully secured. These Pills are all they are represented to be, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction if used as directed, and WILL CURE any case.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 103 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1., or six boxes for, $2.50, postage free, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

to Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

DR. BENSON'S NEW REMEDY AND PATENT PRESCRIPTION

C. N. CRITTENTON, New York, is Wholesale Agent for Dr. C. W. Benson's remedies.

30 Gilt-Edge Compliment Cards, with name, in elegant case, 10c. H. M. COOK, Meriden, Conn.

3 CARD PHOTOGRAPHS, Stage Beauties, 10c. Ten different, 25c. M. GILL, 204 Henry Street, N. Y.

65 Gold, Motto Birds, all Chromos, 25 styles, name on 10c. 4 packs 50c. O. A. Brainard, Higganum, Ct.

70 New or 50 beauties, no 2 alike, Chromo Cards with name 10c. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum, Ct.

ONLY $94.00 FOR TEN DAYS.

SPECIAL TEN DAY OFFER TO THE READERS OF THE PHILA. SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I desire the following described Pipe-top Beethoven Organ introduced among the readers of the Phila. *Saturday Evening Post* without a moment's delay, so that all can see and appreciate its wonderful merits and stop combination effects. Now, if you will REMIT ME **Ninety-four ($94.) Dollars**, I will ship you this Organ immediately, and send you a receipted bill in full for **$109.75**, which is the regular and only price at which this Organ is sold. The price will soon be advanced to **$144.75**, on account of the increase in the price of labor and materials used in its construction.

☞ I desire this instrument introduced without delay, and make this special offer so you may order one now. I look to future sales for my profit, as the Beethoven makes me thousands of friends. I regard this manner of introducing it better than spending hundreds of dollars in newspaper advertising. The Organ speaks for itself. Often 20 sales have been traced from the first sold in a new neighborhood.

The following offer is positively good for only ten days from date of to-day's *Saturday Evening Post*. This newspaper must be returned to secure this special price. If mailed from your post-office within ten days from this date, it will be received, not otherwise, or you may accept by telegraph on the last day, and remit by mail on that day. I shall POSITIVELY refuse all orders under **$109.75**, unless accompanied with this paper, and payment must be mailed within ten days as specified.

As this special offer is limited and will not be repeated, if you have not all the money in hand, it will pay you to borrow a part from your friends, and thus secure the best organ that can be offered, at a less price than an ordinary organ by other makers is usually sold at.

Very truly yours,

DANIEL F. BEATTY.

Dated, Washington, New Jersey, June 24, 1882.

BEATTY'S {PIPE TOP BEETHOVEN} ORGAN

Suitable for the Parlor, Chapel, Lodge, Church or Sabbath School.

This beautiful Pipe Top Organ is made from seasoned Black Walnut. It will stand the test of any climate. It is elegantly proportioned, the pipes are illuminated with brilliant colors lined with gold, ornately carved. The case has a rubbed varnish finish, will not take the dirt or dust. It is called "BEETHOVEN," as its musical effects are the most wonderful yet produced at any price, hence it is named after the World's greatest composer.

☞ For the purpose of placing this Pipe Top Organ upon the market without delay, so that all may see and acquaint themselves with its merits, I have fixed the price for the present at ONLY

$109.75

which includes a solid walnut Organ Bench, Music and Book.

27 STOPS.

(1) Cello, 8 feet tone, (2) Melodia, (3) Clarabella, (4) Manual Sub-Bass, 16 feet tone, (5) Bourdon, 16 feet tone, (6) Saxaphone, 8 ft. tone, (7) Viola di Gamba, 8 ft. tone, (8) Diapason, 8 ft. tone, (9) Viola Dolce, 4 ft. tone, (10) Double Expression, 8 ft. tone, (11) French Horn, 8 ft. tone, (12) Harp Æolian, (13) Vox Humana, Tremolant, (14) Echo, 8 ft. tone, (15) Dolciana, 8 ft. tone, (16) Clarionet, 8 ft. tone, (17) Voix Celeste, 8 ft. tone, (18) Violina, 4 ft. tone, (19) Vox Jubilante, 8 and 4 feet tone, (20) Piccolo, 2 ft. tone, (21) Couplet Harmonique, (22) Orchestral Forte, (23) Grand Organ Knee Stop, (24) Right Knee Stop, (25) Automatic Valve Stop, (26) Right Duplex Damper, (27) Left Duplex Damper.

With grand and thrilling accessory and combination effects.

10 Sets Reeds.

This Organ contains 10 full sets GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, arranged on a new and patented plan surpassing all previous attempts at organ building. It has Upright Bellows, with 3 sections, giving an increase of power over the usual style of bellows made by other manufacturers. Fitted with Steel Springs, Music Pocket, Sliding Fall with Lock (nickel plated), Elegant Lamp Stands, Nickel-Plated Foot plates on pedals which never rust or wear, besides 2 Knee Swells, Handles and Rollers for moving. With each Organ hereafter an elegant solid Organ Bench will be sent, free of charge. This is far superior to the ordinary stool for Organ use and is more ornamental, useful. Order direct from this advertisement. It has been improved and perfected since first invented, and those who want music and not furniture, (although this case is very handsome), should order this Organ.

Visitors Are Always Welcome.—A Free Coach with polite attendants, meets all trains. Five dollars ($5) allowed to pay your traveling expenses if you buy.

How to Order by Mail—Remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or by express, prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money promptly refunded within 10 days. Send for Circulars.

NEW STYLE No. 6500. SOLID WALNUT CASE.

Dimensions: Height, 6 ft., Length of box, 5 ft., Depth, 2 ft.

If you want an Organ built on the old plan with 8 to 11 Stops, I can furnish them new for $30, $40, $50.

Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $3.00. THEO. J. HARBACH, 420 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

LANDRETH'S IMPLEMENT AND SEED WAREHOUSE.

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Everything of the best for the Farm, Garden or Country Seat. Over 150 acres under cultivation, growing Landreth's Garden Seeds. Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac for 1883, with catalogue of seeds and directions for culture, in English and German, free to all applicants.

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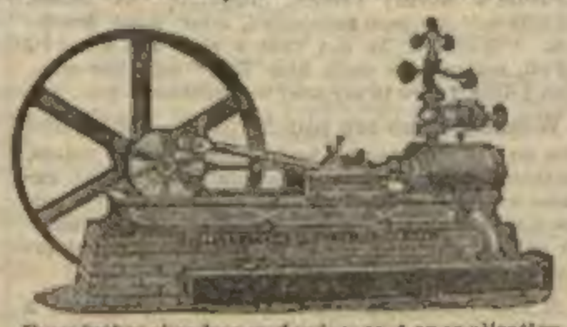

Descriptive circulars and prices sent on application T. R. SUPPLEE, 149 North Third St., Phila., Pa.

LEAN LADIES

May speedily become Plump and Fair. Plain home treatment. Send stamp for particulars. The Adipo-Nutrition Co. 206 S. 4th St., Phila. Pa.

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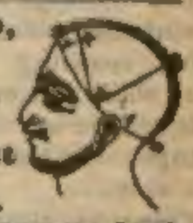

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

HOWEVER diversified the tastes and personal attractions of my readers, each and all will this season find among the leading fashions bodices some exactly suited to her individual style, and adapted to show to the greatest advantage her special attractions.

If any lady be unbecomingly dressed this must lie on her selection from the many and varied fashions offered.

Fashions are much changed from the days of "auld lang syne," when there was but one style in vogue at a time, tall and slim women being obliged to wear shapes and trimmings only suited to the short and "rounded," or the latter disfigured by garments increasing their width and lessening their height, with the dreadful alternative of being "out of the fashion" if their taste taught them to rebel against these Medean laws.

This season, and the two or three preceding, not only have several modes been equally in fashion, but each of these has been capable of some slight change, when this would make it more becoming to the wearer.

Let us commence with the bodices known as "coats," these are tight fitting, and must be perfectly shaped and made; the basque is plain, sitting smoothly round, or with a pleat or two at the back, commencing below the waist.

These "coats" may be of the same material as the skirt, or totally different, but harmonizing with it in color.

Judiciously chosen, they may be worn with several skirts of different materials or colors. The fronts are single or double breasted, according to taste, left open below the waist, and the basque is added a few inches below the waist at the front and sides.

The back is cut with the full length basque, and has a seam down the centre. It may be cut in two pieces only, each side embracing the half of the back from the centre to the seam under the arm (this is only for quite small waists) or it is cut with side pieces, rounded into the back.

"Casaquins" are a species of coats, but not so severe in shape; they are tight fitting, but more diversified in the basque, which may be round, pointed, echancree, recurved upwards on the hips, and be square at the back and front, or lengthen at the back into a "habit basque," that is, like a gentleman's dinner coat, more or less long, to taste.

This basque, when long, is very effective on an elegant figure, but requires great style and good material. In brocade or velvet, over satin, it is exceptionally elegant, and may be worn for high or low dresses.

"Jaquettes" are a still more elebrate form of casaquin; the bodice and upper part of the basque are always close fitting, but the latter may be lengthened into deep point at each side, the back forming a pouf by means of drapery or bows.

The "Corsage Mademoiselle," with very accentuated point at the back and front, the sides reaching to the waist only, or a very short distance below, is very well adapted for evening dress; it is always accompanied by some drapery at the top of the skirt.

This may either be separate from the bodice, and worn underneath the points, appearing at the sides in folds drawn tightly round the hips, or allowed to hang loosely on paniers, or the drapery may be attached to the edge of the corsage, either in flat plaits or several rows of gaugings.

In either case the drapery must be kept flat on the hips. The hideous monstrosities representing distended paniers standing out in a straight line from the waist, as represented in one or two fashion books, may perhaps be copied by some misguided dressmakers, but have certainly not made their appearance in "society."

Gathered bodices are very becoming to slight figures, as they give a fulness to the bust and breadth to the shoulders without increasing the size of the waist. They should, however, be studiously avoided by any lady at all inclined to embonpoint.

The number of these gatherings is less than usual on the newest dresses, being confined to three or five on the shoulders. The portion that is left ungauged must be drawn carefully down towards the waist, where it is again confined.

The waists of these bodices may be round with a waistband fastened with a buckle or tied in a bow; or they may be pointed. Some very pretty ones have been made with points, and a waistband or sash sewn in the seams under the arms is drawn down, following the line of the front points, and tied in the centre with long loops and shorter ends.

Gathered plastrons are as much worn as ever, but they are prettier when divided into groups of gaugings, separated by bouillonnes or fine plaits, than when gauged equally the full length.

One of the most elegant full trimmings for a corsage consists of a piece of the same, or different material, carried round the throat, where it is gauged; the two sides meet between the bust and the waist, and are gauged to a few inches below the latter; they then separate, and are carried round the basque forming small paniers. The ends may meet at the back and be tied in a large bow.

The very convenient and becoming fashion of having all bodices belonging to dresses of at all a "dressy" character made open at the throat, enables many corsages to serve the double purpose of outdoor and demi-toilette wear.

The plastron worn underneath may be of the same, or some harmonizing material, reproduced in the trimming of the skirt. It must be well shaped and set smooth under the corsage, being fastened to the petticoat bodice on the shoulders.

An elastic attached to one of the lower corners, with a patent hook or button at the end, should be passed round the waist and attached to the other corner, this keeps the plastron down in front and perfectly smooth.

There are two methods of arranging the sleeves of these open bodices so as to permit of their being short, or half long when the corsage is worn without the plastron. The sleeve may be elbow length and trimmed at its termination, an under sleeve being added to complete its length, the trimming at the elbow concealing the fact that the sleeves are not all in one; or the bodice may be made sleeveless, and have two sets of sleeves, long and short, attached to an under bodice.

Lace, muslin, or tulle fichus can be worn inside these bodices, or over them; in the latter case, they are, of course, larger and more elaborate.

When worn inside, nothing is more becoming or easy to arrange than the "Payanne" fichu; this consists simply of two straight pieces of tulle, gauze, or Indian muslin, with a running at each end, one end of each is fastened inside the bodice at the shoulder seam, the other crosses over the breast and is drawn tightly down to the waist where it is firmly fastened.

Either of the diaphanous materials I have mentioned is charming bow, is a most elegant addition to a low dress, even when the neck and shoulders are irreproachable.

The "Jaquette Dauphine," one of the most elegant of these, forms paniers, extra length being allowed in the basque. The paniers are draped at the back, under the back basques, which are draped into large bows, or the pieces composing it are kept open at the seams, lined and formed into loops. The habit basque is also adopted with the panier fronts.

"Cuirasse" bodices are invariably plain, and fitting in the basque, but this may be shaped in a variety of ways; straight round with accentuated or rounded points at the back and front, and the sides shorter, or the sides lengthened in the "Peplum" style.

The cuirasse bodice is called a Princesse when accompanied by a scarf, or some form of drapery worn over the edge of the basque, thus giving the bodice the appearance of being cut in one with the skirt, as in a Princess dress.

This style is charming with a fully trimmed skirt, whether a l'Espagnole, trimmed alike all round, or with a back drapery, and the flounces, &c., covering the front and sides only.

For dinner, concert, and theatre wear, or any demi-toilette occasions, bodices may be cut heart-shaped, more or less away from the throat, in a long oval or square; if the latter the corners should be rounded off, which is far prettier than if left in an acute angle.

Fireside Chat.

BEUATY—HOW TO PRESERVE IT—BATHS.

ONE of the principal and most powerful means for preserving health and beauty is decidedly the bath. It keeps aloof cutaneous diseases, and helps to rid the skin of those little scales which make it rough by preventing natural perspiration, and thus renders it softer and more even. The skin then acquires freshness and elasticity.

Rough matter is carried off, and the opened pores receive a soft and emolient flood, by which the inner humors are dissolved, and the vital functions are maintained in perfect equilibrium.

Baths calm after excessive work, fatigue, and excitement, whether of mind or body; they invigorate the weak and weary; they give peace and strength, and greater agility to mind and body, rendering thereby daily drudgery less irksome to all.

To brain-workers, however, baths are especially beneficial, as by their influence greater strength is acquired to work with energy and quickness of thought.

Baths have always been considered so necessary to man—and woman—that they have formed a part of almost every religion. Even mythology acknowledged their power and represents Venus—or Beauty—as born from the waves. This is not the place for an historical study on baths, which would demand far more time and space than are at my disposal.

I can only just touch upon the subject by reminding you of the ancient Roman baths, the ruins alone of which still fill with wonder all who look at them, as an instance of the importance that was attached to ablutions. Nor were public baths alone thus splendid; every private house were provided with almost equally luxurious ones. To quote but one—Sylla's bathing rooms were entirely of marble, and were divided into fifty cells, fitted with hot, tepid, and cold water, and decorated, regardless of expense, in the greatest extension of the term.

Dr. Constantine James, in his "Toilette d'une Romaine," tells us that the Roman ladies' private baths were of solid silver, with turncocks of the same metal, and were large enough to swim in.

A border of mosaic work, imitating painting, ran round the edges of the ceiling. The walls were of inlaid wood, marvellously chiselled, and the marble of Thasos, rare even in temples, was employed with a prodigality that would have made Fabricius blush.

Finaly, the most exquisite perfumes were added to the water of the bath, only very humble people contenting themselves with essence of jessamine and lupine flour, which corresponds to the bran used in our modest modern baths.

After the bath, Roman ladies were rubbed with a metallic brush. (Did they know magnetic brushes even then?) After this, they put on a tunica intima, as the chemise was then called, and over that a toga matutina, or dressing-gown, and then the pedicure came in. By the bye, young boy pedicures used to be employed in Roman banquets, it seems, since Petronius, describing "Trimalcion's Feast," says: "In the midst of the feast, young pedicures entered the room, and gliding under the table extracted the corns from the guests' feet with admirable dexterity.

But I am transgressing. Returning to baths, we read of Medea, who gave baths of herbs to those who wished to become young again. These baths are now supposed to have been of mineral waters, of which the learned woman alone had knowledge, and hence her renown of sorceress. Circe also seems to have possessed a similar knowledge, as we read of her giving a shower-bath of precious essences on Ulysses's head.

Poppæ's bath, as I have already had occasion to tell you, was of milk of asses' which had been fed on aromatic plants. Other equally celebrated beauties, but of more modern date, have also made use of milk baths—as one of George II.'s German favorites, and Mme. Talbicum, &c.

In these days we are content to pour a little virginal milk into the bath water. Here, however, I must warn my readers against the so-called milk sold by second-class perfumers, and which, instead of milk, contain lead, which is terribly baneful both to beauty and health.

Before alluding to sea, vapor, Russian, Turkish, and mineral-baths, &c., we will examine the question of the ordinary morning bath, which is of the greatest importance to us for the preservation of the beauty of the skin.

Firstly then, every lady who is anxious to have a clear, soft skin should bathe in tepid water, between 25 to 30 centigrades. The tepid bath produces a soft, agreeable sensation on the skin, which is quickly communicated to the interior organs. It calms nervous excitement, diminishes the beatings of the heart, extends the muscular fibres, refreshes from any kind of fatigue, and produces a general feeling of ease and well-being. It is in the tepid bath that the skin casts off its rough surface, if it have any, and it becomes softer and more elastic. But plain water cannot always effect this, and it is then that artificial means must be resorted to, as we shall hereafter see.

Another word, however, on plain tepid water baths. It is an error to think they weaken. Hot baths may be weakening on account of the perspiration they cause, but not tepid baths. Never eat, however, before bathing.

Once in the water and the neck and shoulders covered, do not raise them above the water until the bath is finished, for a chill often produces a skin eruption. On leaving the bath dry quickly with warm towels, for after the bath the skin is more sensitive to a chill. Friction with an electric, or very hard brush, is recommended after the bath for ladies on the wane, and who begin to lose the elasticity of youth. The flesh brush will greatly help to restore energy, even after a plain water bath.

We now come to composed, or cosmetic baths.

Foremost of all comes the bran bath which is universally employed in Paris, even by the most economical. It is very softening, and gives elasticity and smoothness to the skin. The best way to prepare it is to boil four or five pounds of bran in four or five quarts of water. Let it boil for about half an hour; and add the whole to the bath. Another way is to sew the bran in a linen bag and put it in the water; but this is not so efficacious as the first way.

Correspondence.

M. G., (Henry, Ind.)—The matter must be arranged between the contracting parties, as the ceremony can only take place in one church.

F. R. S., (Windham, Conn.)—"Will you please inform me if a gentleman, after having been refused by one lady to attend a party, should explain to the next that she is the second one asked?" Yes; and although she may think, as the old adage is, that "children and fools tell the truth," yet it is better to be frank.

LAURA, (Marrick, Me.)—The Augustan Age of literature in England was in the reign of Queen Anne; that of France, in the reign of Louis XIV. By the term, 'Augustan Age" is meant that period in the history of a country when it is supposed to have reached its highest degree of vigor, purity and refinement combined in any department of its intellectual activity.

CONSTANT, (Middlesex, N. J.)—Not knowing in what light you are regarded by the young lady, we are unable to say whether her answer was prompted by indifference, or whether she meant that if at any other time was more convenient to you it would suit her as well. Some young ladies are so capricious that you "can't most always sometimes tell" just what they do mean.

ALICE D., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—To clean marble, take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone and one part of finely powdered chalk. Sift it through a fine sieve and mix it with the water. Then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed. To finish the work, wash the marble over with Frank Siddall's soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

LADY JANE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The "passion flower" is the name for a tribe of plants including one hundred and twenty species, found in Asia, Australia, and America. The plant had its name from the early Spanish missionaries who thought the flower suggestive of the crucifixion. Instead of trusting to the brief description we could here give, we would refer you to any good book on botany, in which you can find the species in which you are interested.

GEORGE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—That and others of the "slang" phrases of the day have a legitimate origin. "Putting your foot in it" is certainly not a very elegant mode of expression, but according to the "Asiatic Researches" it is quite a fine point of law; for when the title to land is disputed in Hindostan, two holes are dug in the ground, and used to encase a limb of each lawyer, and the one who tires first loses his client's case. Fancy, if you can, some of our famous "limbs of the law" pleading in such a manner! It is generally the client who puts his foot in it."

MAGGIE, (Logan, Ky.)—Very few women would be marrying below their station in marrying a young man who was all you describe your lover as being. Your mother has no right, without better reasons than any your letter gives, to withdraw her consent, having once given it. But as she undoubtedly really loves you, and as you, we hope, love her, it is worth waiting a year or two in the hope of gaining her consent. Meanwhile there is no harm in saving what you honestly can out of your own income. Instead of such a course being wrong, it is highly to be commended in anyone.

INQUIRER, (La Grange, Ind.)—1. The muses were the goddesses in Grecian mythology, of poetry, the arts and sciences. They were nine in number, and their names and provinces were as follows: Clio, the muse of history; Euterpe, of lyric poetry; Thalia, of Comedy; Melpomene, of tragedy; Terpsichore, of choral dance and song; Erato, of love poetry; Polyhymnia, of poetry written in praise of the gods and of great men; Urania, of astronomy; and Calliope, of epic poetry. The metric system is used in all important business with the continent of Europe, in the manufacturing of chemical and physical apparatus, and in the work of the analytical chemists. It is coming into use in many other businesses.

DESIROUS, (Baltimore, Md.)—This correspondent inquires: "Is it right for a young lady, being engaged to a gentleman, to correspond with a former suitor, or, I may say, lover, he not knowing she is engaged and expecting to win her hand; and would it be too much for the person to whom she is engaged to request her to cut short the correspondence?" The young lady is acting indiscreetly, and there is no impropriety in a gentleman to whom she is engaged calling her attention to the light in which her conduct is to be regarded, and requesting that such an ambiguous correspondence end. He should do it, of course, with tact and gentleness, and when both the lady and he are in the best temper.

RONALD, (Pleasants, W.Va.)—It is quite true. A man travels in a foreign country at his peril. He is entitled to the same protection there, from the Government of the country, as it gives to its own people, and no more. If Greek or Turkish bandits should seize a Greek or Turk, and hold him for ransom, all that could be done would be either to pay the ransom or hunt down the bandits and try to rescue the prisoner. In the latter case, the bandits would probably murder him, and take to their inaccessible retreats. Were the prisoner an American, they would probably do the same thing under the same circumstances, and our Government could do nothing about it; just as if a traveler from a foreign country is robbed or murdered here, the Government of his native land can do nothing about it. If you intend to travel in countries where bandits are numerous and bold, you will have now to do so at your own peril as far as any help from our Government is concerned.

MINNIE, (Jefferson, Pa.)—This correspondent says: "I am a constant reader of your very interesting journal; and seeing your good advice to correspondents, I write to you for the same. I have been corresponding with a young gentleman in your city for about three years. His age is twenty-two; mine nineteen. We are not engaged, but promised to be true to each other until his business would allow him to marry. He has told me many times he loved me better than anyone on earth, and I love him as well. About four months ago we had some words in writing, and he has not written since. But, since he stopped writing, a young gentleman here whom I have been acquainted with about as long as the one in Philadelphia, and who has heard that we have stopped writing, has been trying to get my company, and would ask me to marry him if I would give him the opportunity; but I do not, and never would love him as I do the one in your city, and I would like to hear from him. I write to ask your advice if it would be proper for me to write to him." Do not marry a man if you do not love him. Write to your old lover the true state of the case. There can be no harm in it.